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EVANSVILLE, IND., SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1920. 36 PAGES TO

Filming With Death In Mexico

Cameraman Wallace Begins Series of His Exciting Adventures in Land of Terror

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, Formerly International News Service's Cameraman in Mexico and Europe.

(Copyright 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company)

It was in the dark days of 1913.

Madero had just been assassinated after bloody warfare. Huerta was usurping the throne of Mexico.

My instructions were specific.

"I want Mexico pictured as it really is," William Randolph Hearst had told me, when he dispatched me to Mexico. "So much has been printed that people now refuse to believe what is actually happening there. We must show them—through the camera eye."

With my moving picture camera, an ample supply of film, and a "still camera," I boarded a steamer from New York. In due time I reached Vera Cruz, after having stopped off at Progreso and Merida, the beautiful, where all citizens wear white clothing and bathe twice a day—the cleanest city on the globe, oddly contrasting with the rest of Mexico.

I was anxious to reach Mexico City, the capital of thrills, so I did not tarry in Vera Cruz.

I arrived there at 5 o'clock in the evening. After I had given all my luggage to a peon—one "spic" can carry all the luggage you have or ever hope to have on his back—I looked about.

I was thunderstruck with Mexico City's beauty. I had expected a grim, foreboding city, reeking with terrorism and still retaining in feudalistic associations of a past, centuries old.

What I found was a story book city, with beautiful homes, both modern and medieval; progressive buildings, shady plazas, asphalt streets fringed with tropical plants and flowers, a spirit of romance, keen and bracing mountain air.

After I had signed up at the Hotel Lascuraine I went to the American club to look up other newspaper men. I met those few who were fortunate to be on the spot first. They were eager for more thrills. Big news was breaking. Still bigger news was yet to come.

They suspected, rightly, that Huerta could not endure; that another revolution would come.

The late bombardment of Mexico City by Huerta's forces was on everyone's tongue. Huerta's soldiers had fired on men, women and children; he was no respecter of age or sex. Women would venture out, I was told, and, holding their mantillos above their heads as if to protect themselves from rain, try to cross the street to safety, only to be shot down and left lying in the streets—helpless, human sacrifices—on the altar of so-called Mexican independence.

The next morning I took my movie camera downstairs, ready to sally forth to picture Mexico "as it is."

"The first thing I want is a picture of Huerta," I told the hotel clerk.

"He's at the palace this morning," came the unexpected reply. "If you want him you'll have to hurry."

I didn't wait, even to question myself.

I and my camera jumped into a taxi and we headed toward the palace—and complications which heckled me all my stay in Mexico.

The palace, an aged edifice, imposing in its mellow decay, rose from the head of the Zocolo, the park where armies of Mexican citizens and soldiers have been slain time and time again during political embroglios, and where Huerta's men had massacred hundreds only a few weeks previously.

It was here Maxamilian Archduke of Austria, had reigned as emperor of Mexico in the 60's.

The place was surrounded with guards. Two stopped me at the bottom of the steps.

In meager Spanish, which I had mastered upon previous trips into Central America, I convinced them I had to take moving pictures inside. I broke through and ran up the steps.

Straight into the throne room I went—the room where the great Maximilian had sat and carried out the designs of Napoleon III.

Then I saw Huerta for the first time.

Drunk with wine, looking all the world like a grizzled, old Hottentot, the provisional president of Mexico, was surrounded by scores of little Sunday schools girls.

He was officiating at some sort of religious ceremony. In his hands he held a big loving cup of champagne. He would take a deep draught; then he would pass it to the children to partake.

Near him was a tall, fine-looking elderly man. I discovered later he was Blanquet, who was accredited with having put the last shot into Maximilian's head upon his execution in 1867. Blanquet, at that time, was a young lieutenant. After the firing squad had riddled the emperor's body with bullets, Blanquet walked up to the body and fired what Mexicans call "the mercy shot" into his head. He was now Huerta's minister of war.

I managed to get Huerta near some large French windows in the throne room, and began grinding. I made two hundred feet of film, which showed Huerta drunk. And, because he was drunk I "got away with it."

Huerta never allowed his picture to be taken. He steadfastly refused to pose and grew murderous when pressed.

Later on I tried every way possible—through his friends, through Nelson O'Shaugnessy, American ambassador; through high officials—to obtain another picture, but I never succeeded.

When I "shot" Huerta in the throne room, he was too drunk to be conscious of it.

But, on the morrow, he found it out. He discovered that a hated gringo had taken a picture of him while he was drunk, and worse, had taken moving pictures of him. And it nearly cost me my life—but that is another story.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

His Man Friday

Cameraman Wallace in News-Hunting Clothes, With His Soldier Guide, in Mexico

"Filming With Death In Mexico"

The Journal today publishes the first of a series of the thrilling adventures in Mexico of Ansel E. Wallace, Journal staff photographer, who formerly was Hearst's star photographer in Mexico and the battle fronts of Europe.

Many years ago Wallace left Evansville, his home, and became a newspaper photographer in New York. He was sent into Mexico twice and there became the "ace" of newspaper photographers. This reputation he heightened when he went into Europe and registered some of the biggest "scoops" of the war.

His life in Mexico was one thrill after another. He was shot at and imprisoned. He was sentenced to die. He was arrested as a spy. He fell into the hands of rebels and revolutionists. The gods of luck however, always were on his side and he emerged safely.

Come with Wallace and see Mexico at first hand. Meet Mr. Huerta and Mr. Carranza, and Gen. Obregon. Read about Huerta's brother who ate strawberries bathed in ether; about the murderous governor of Tampico and his pet monkey; about the Mexican official who personally executed a score of enemy officers. Some of the stories are comical; most of them are tragical; but all are remarkable—and true.

They will appear in The Journal daily—short and snappy, the way you like to read stories.

Spring Welcome: Sun's Rays Bring Straw Hats

Evansville bid glad welcome to the first regular week of spring, which ended Saturday, and Saturday night held out fond hopes that weather passively the country people were made actively happy by the first drying weather in weeks. With the sun shining hotly for a

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Filming With Death In Mexico

Cameraman Wallace Tells of Exciting Trip to Catch First Glimpse of Mexican Battle

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Service's Cameraman in Mexico and Europe.

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A few days after I had arrived in Mexico City, I was aroused about 3 o'clock in the morning with the word that a battle was on between Zapatistas and Huerta's soldiers at Tres Marias, about sixty miles away.

The Journal today publishes the second of its remarkable series of adventures of A. E. Wallace, now Journal Staff Photographer, who while with the International News Service in Mexico and Europe built up the reputation of being one of the most fearless and one of the most moving picture cameramen in the world. Each daily installment is complete—one chapter from his exciting life. The first of the series deals with Mexico.

I hired a taxicab—I had to sign a paper pledging Publisher Hearst to pay for the car, a big Packard, in event it was lost, before I was able to get it—and with a "spic" chauffeur started speeding toward the scene of battle.

The road was high—the Popocatepetl highway, leading to the famous volcano. It was of hardest, cement-like formation and cut our tires like broken glass, but we sped on at a bewildering rate.

I was worried about one of Huerta's outposts we had to pass. I was afraid we would not get through.

To my surprise, when we arrived at the outpost, it was deserted. The entire landscape was deserted. So we went on, along the lonely highway, almost blinded by the brilliant sunlight, refracted from the white mountains and white table lands.

When we went through the great pass, I breathed another sigh of relief. We had been told the followers of the bandit, Zapatista, were hiding in these mountains

In a comparatively brief time we heard first sounds of battle. We were arriving at Tres Marias.

UNDER ARREST

Suddenly we came upon Huerta's soldiers. They stopped us. I was promptly arrested and taken before the commanding officer.

He politely told me, after I had explained my mission, that I must go back. He did allow me to take a few feet of the final skirmish in which several rebel Zapatistas were dropped from their horses and in which their comrades were chased away into the mountains.

"You wait until morning and I will send a guard back with you," the commanding officer, a dapper little Mexican, told me. "The Zapatistas are gathered at the pass and they will steal your automobile and kill you. You wait."

My Mexican chauffeur did not like this. He took me aside and whispered that he wouldn't drive the car back with a guard convoying.

"If the rebels should capture us we would be killed," he told me, in Mexican. "If we are alone there is a chance."

ON THE WAY BACK.

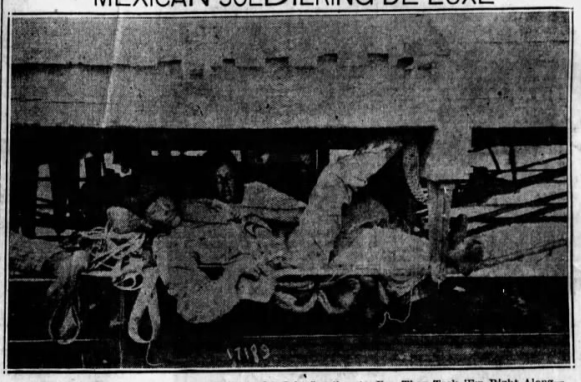
After much talk and gesticulating I got permission to take the car back without a guard.

It was then late in the afternoon. We both anxiously watched the hazy, arid landscape as we skimmed back to Mexico City.

It was dusk when we approached the pass where Zapatistas were said to be in ambush. The great

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

MEXICAN SOLDIERING DE LUXE



Unusual Snapshot of Mexican Soldier and His Sweetheart—Yes, They Took 'Em Right Along—Traveling To Scene of Battle. Obtained By Photographer Wallace Near Mexico City.

PUPILS READ 17,858 BOOKS DURING APRIL

Increase 2,043 Over Month Last Year, Reported

Seventeen thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight books were read from the Evansville school libraries during April. This total for last month shows an increase in circulation of 2,043 books over April of last year, Miss Ethel McCullough's report to the school board Monday afternoon showed.

Columbia school led with a gain of 714 over the April report last year. Baker school was a close second with a gain of 693, and Campbell school was third with a gain of 520.

Of the total books read there were 12,934 juvenile and 4,004 adult books.

Wanted—25 Boys to Carry Journal!

This is a want ad for the circulation department, but the advertising department ordered it off the classified page and on Page One.

Henry H. Tonnies, known to the carrier boys as "Tony," needs twenty-five boys at once to carry new Journal routes.

He says the circulation has been and is expanding so greatly in Evansville that the more than 100 boys who now carry the paper daily and Sunday aren't sufficient to take care of the business.

Boys wishing to become merchants in "Tony's" organization may see him until 5:30 every day in the circulation department at The Journal office.

Meantime, the circulation department requests that persons getting their Journal irregularly extend their patience a trifle longer because the delivery service soon will be improved. THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL THE SUNDAY JOURNAL Circulation department.

Signing Up 1921 Football Team Now

Central high school got behind next year's school athletics early with a chap [illegible] C. H. S. Monday. Girls under Physical Instructor Eleanor Cornick gave dances and exhibitions.

Boys signing up for next year's football included Elmer Gerst, Clifton Brooks, [illegible] Winiger, Theodore Young, Norbert Barwaser, George Stephan, Lewis Mack, Oscar Clothe, Edward Habbe, Louis Beeman, Eugene Lathan, Carroll Holloway, Bob McConnell, Gene Doss, Ralph Seiffer, George Borries, Harold Lehnhard, Merle Gibson, Bob Stevens, Oscar Bromm, William Davidson, [illegible]nton Hartz, Bob Edlow, Ben [illegible]tern, Howard S. Levi, Dale Bruner, Don Talbott, John Shoemaker, Roy Friedle, Robert Moore, Carlos Gibbs, Ruple Swonder, Jewel Suit, Joe Dannettell, Darwin Brothers, Wilmer Schmitt and James Norris.

Silly to Wade in Pool For Less Than $2.00

Expo Officials Plan To Erect Buildings Soon

Evansville exposition officials Monday morning decided to begin work soon on buildings for the 1920 exhibition, after leading citizens had agreed to support them in the expenditure of up to $75,000.

The support was authorized at a meeting of exposition officials with prominent men at the Chamber of Commerce.

Mayor Bosse urged a resolution calling on the business interests to back the exposition board. William H. McCurdy and others advocated the resolution and it carried unanimously.

The buildings, which will be permanent, will be erected at Cook's park, which will either be purchased or leased by the board. A sub-committee, composed of Frank H. Hatfield, Eugene Stevens, B. F. Von Behren, M. S. Sonntag and G. W. Geissler was appointed by President Samuel L. May to look into the legal and other details and report on the advisability of purchase or lease.

County Agent J. A. McCarty was instructed to proceed with preliminary plans for live-stock and other agricultural exhibits. He will call a meeting of "Pocket" county agents for next Monday in Evansville to discuss the matter.

President Samuel L. May of the exposition board, presided at the meeting Monday. E. H. Hyman acted as secretary. Others present were Director-General Eugene Stevens, Vice-President Frank H. Hatfield, Treasurer T. J. Morton, and Expo Directors B. F. Von Behren, M. S. Sonntag, G. W. Geissler and J. A. McCarty and Max DeJong. William H. McCurdy, Mayor Bosse, Morton Mannheimer, J. H. Rohsenberger, H. P. Cornick and F. R. Wilson.

IRELAND CALLS OFF CAMPAIGN ON SPEEDERS

Judge Releases Two Accused of Racing

Judge Ireland suspended his vigorous campaign against auto speeders Monday when William J. Haering, 1303 Kentucky avenue, who appeared in city court for the fifth time for speeding, was discharged.

He was accused of racing with Joe Thorbeck, a plumber, who was also granted his liberty.

They were racing in Outer Main street on their way in from the baseball park Sunday afternoon, according to Motorcycle Officer Gill Perrott, who made the arrests.

Perrett said that they were running at a speed of at least twenty-seven miles an hour and that it was some time before he overtook them on his motorcycle. The accused men denied that they were traveling more than fifteen miles an hour.

Judge Ireland a short time ago warned speeders that he would not only fine them on second offense, but that he would attach a jail sentence to the penalty. He sentenced several to jail terms.

After hearing that Haering had been arrested five times, he warned him to "be careful."

Wheat Crop Worse Than First Thought

Balk at Improving of Franklin Street

Eight property owners living on West Franklin street between Fulton and St. Joseph avenue, filed a remonstrance with the board of public works Monday against the proposed improvement of Franklin street. City Engineer Saunders was investigating Monday morning to see if the eight petitioners form a majority of property owners. If they do, the improvement of Franklin street will not be made unless action is taken by the council.

A special meeting of the board was called for Monday afternoon for Saunders' report. No remonstrances were received against the improvement of Franklin from First avenue to Fulton. Advertisement of bids on the improvement was held over until the report on the remainder of the street was given.

Marshall Company Is Given Contract

Contract for the improvement of Baker avenue, from Louisiana to Morgan avenue, which had been let by the board of works to the Premier Construction company of Indianapolis, Monday was let to the Western Construction company. The Premier company's bid was $300 lower than the Western, but because the contract was not large enough to warrant the company bringing men down from Indianapolis the Premier asked the board to give the contract to the Western.

The Western agreed to do the work for the Premier's figures.

Henry W. Marshall, one of the owners of the Evansville Courier, is president of the Western company.

Wheat Price Takes Another Drop Here

Wheat took another drop Monday on Evansville markets. Wheat that has been selling at $2.95 at the station is now selling at $2.78 a bushel. Wheat that has been quoted at $2.98 in Evansville is now $2.80.

Local bakers say that this drop in the price of wheat won't effect their prices for some time to come.

According to W. C. Wagner of the local wagon market this drop is due to the reason that farmers are beginning to bring their grain in.

Southern Firms to Try Law Suit Here

The My-Cola company of Birmingham, Ala., brought suit for $20,000

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June 3, when the official trials will begin off Newport.

FILMING DEATH IN OLD MEXICO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

naked mountain ridge was broken here and sloped away on either side from the highway.

Suddenly my chauffeur ducked and put his foot on the accelerator.

I ducked, too.

The bluish crevices up the sides of the mountains gave forth faint flashes. Ping!—something struck our radiator and went whirring away. Then we heard dull reports of guns. The Zapatistas were firing on us.

OUT OF RANGE.

But our machine offered a poor target to their aim and we soon were out of range.

Night came on. We dared not turn on the lights. My chauffeur deftly guided the machine along the road, although it was so dark I could not even see the outlines of the car. The engine roared as he fed it more gas and the tires blowed over broken rock, flinging pieces against the fenders with such sudden violence.

A sudden clear cry came from in front of us.

"Alerta!" it demanded.

My chauffeur jammed the brakes and halted abruptly. We were at the outpost we had passed so safely in the morning.

We turned on our lights and discovered the car was surrounded by Huerta's soldiers. I started to get out, but stopped abruptly when a bayonet was shoved into my stomach.

The sentries would listen to no explanations, but marched us up to a little church nearby.

IN SORRY PLIGHT.

We were pushed inside. We saw a little pine table, on which there was a candle—the only light in the room. At it sat a drunken colonel. Fierce-looking, mustached Mexican soldiers smelling of alcoholic pulque, gathered up near as I was forcer up to the table. I looked around at an odd assortment of knives, long revolvers and bayonets.

The colonel gazed on me, despisingly, and asked me who I was. I explained what I was doing and he laughed scornfully and told me I was a liar. He said I was a spy.

I told him to 'phone Gen Rincon Girdo, head of the Mexican "West Point," Chapultepec, and verify my statements. He shrugged his shoulders and said the line was out of order.

Someone kept prodding me in the back. I looked around impatiently. I speedily recovered my patience when I saw the prodder was a six-shooter in the hands of a villainous "spic."

SHOWING NERVE.

Then I did something on impulse. I reached into my pocket, got a cigaret, and then stepped over to the table and lit it by the colonel's candle. By will I kept my hand from shaking.

The colonel glared at me, and then grinned. The Mexican soldier behind me slapped me on the back and said, "Bravo!" And he stepped around in front of men and put away his gun.

Everyone suddenly became friendly and the colonel dispatched a courier to a nerby telephone.

He returned presently and told the colonel I was O. K.—and that authorities in Mexico City had said let me pass.

The soldiers then explained why I had gotten through the outpost that morning. The colonel of the outpost had been enamoured of the wife of one of his lieutenants. They had argued over her that morning and the lieutenant had killed the colonel. Another colonel had to be sent out from Mexico City, and in the excitement the outpost had been deserted.

The new colonel told me I was lucky. Usually the guards did not halt anybody coming into Mexico City. They shot first, and asked questions later.

When we got back into Mexico City, we found three holes in the Packard—for which I had to pay dearly.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

35c White India Linen—Special per yard 30c
75c White Madras—Special per yard 65c
75c Colored Organdie—Special per yard...65c

belt 25c
Collar supports and tango flares; 5c and 10c values. Card 1c

Special Prices on Underwear for This Week

Men's Union Suits
Men's Athletic Union Suits, sleeveless and knee length. Plain nainsook. Size 36 to 46. $1.19 regular price. Special, a suit..... 95c

Men's Union Suits
Men's Union Suits, ribbed cotton, light weight, short or long sleeve, ankle and three-fourths length. Sizes up to 52. Regular price $2.00. Special, a suit $1.75

Ladies' Knit Pants
Ladies' Knit Pants, knee length, lace trim, regular and extra sizes. Worth 50c. Special, a pair 45c

Ladies' Vests
Ladies' fine mercerized Vests, plain white and flesh color, band top trim; regular price $1.00. Special, each 89c

Girls' Union Suits
Girls' Union Suits, fine weave, cotton low neck and sleeveless, knee length, ages 4, 6, 8; worth 50c. Special, a suit..... 35c

Children's Knit Pants
Children's Knit Pants, fine weave cotton, tight knee, ages 2 to 10. Special a pair 22c

FOR FIELD DAY
"Sis Hopkins" Middies and Skirts

Middy Skirts
Of a heavy quality white jean, waist body, buttons in back, skirt pleated all the way round. Sizes 10, 12 and 14. Special $2.50

Middies
Of white mercerized cloth, collar and cuff of navy and red, neatly braided. An odd lot and not all sizes. Special $2.25

Middies
Made of jean, all white with collars and cuffs of white; also collars and cuffs of navy, copen and red. Two styles to choose from. Sizes 6 to 22. Special $2.50

Middies
Made of heavy quality jean, two styles with or without yoke, all white and others with colored collars in navy, copen and red. Sizes 6 to 22. Special $2.98

Fowler, Dick & Walker

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

CHICAGO COLISSEUM during Auto Show

A fact:

During the big Auto Shows last January in both Chicago and New York, Fatima lead all other cigarettes in sales.

FATIMA

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TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1920. MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS. 10 PAGES TODAY

Filming With Death In Mexico

Photographer Wallace Has Another Thrilling Experience in Terrible Mexican Prison

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly Hearst International News Service's star photographer in Mexico and European battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

The Journal herewith publishes the third of Cameraman Wallace's exciting experiences while star photographer of Hearst newspapers in Mexico. While south of the Rio Grande, Wallace gained such notoriety that Mrs. Nelson O'Shaugnessy, wife of the American ambassador to Mexico, devoted part of her unusual book, "Memoirs of a Diplomat's Wife," to Mr. Wallace and his career in Mexico. Each daily article in The Journal is complete—an episode from his remarkable adventures. Journal readers may look forward to his stories within the next few days of the truth of the Tampico incident, told for the first time, and the siege of Vera Cruz and America's lamentable failure to take care of its own subjects.

Mexico's Bielam prison, reeking with horrors of present and past cruelties, executions and inquisitions, I will never forget.

One day Nelson 'O'Shaugnessy, the American ambassador, and I lunched, following a game of golf, at the Casino at Chapultepec.

It was there I first had Bielam prison impressed on my mind.

As we entered a swarthy Mexican, seated at a table, caught our eye. O'Shaugnessy, somewhat embarrassed, guided our way to his table, and the swarthy Mexican was introduced to me as Mr. Huerta, a relation of the provisional president, and former prefect of police of Mexico City.

I don't believe I ever met a more disgusting man.

He appeared drunk. His eyes looked wild and he was unkempt.

Finally we were served our strawberries—the perennial fruit in Mexico.

Senor Huerta ordered a bottle of ether. When it came, he poured it over his strawberries, then sugared the mixture and ate it greedily.

Then he took his leave of us, after which O'Shaugnessy told me who he was.

HIS BARBARITY

He was known as one of the cruelest politicians in Mexico. When his relative, President Huerta, took over the city, he was made prefect of police. About sixteen prominent Mexicans were arrested and placed in Bielam prison on political charges.

One day Prefect Huerta ordered them out into the patio of the prison—Englishmen would call it the quadrangle; it was an open rectangular place in the center of the prison, extending from the ground floor to the sky-lighted roof, with the mesanine floor, on which the cells were located, surrounding it.

Huerta lined them all up and shot every one with his pistol. Some were not killed.

He piled the bodies up in the center of the patio, poured oil over them, then set fire to the mass. As the flames ascended roofward he stood by, grining, smoking a cigaret and drinking ether.

* * *

The next day I got word Huerta was drunk in a cafe on the outskirts of the city.

There was nothing unusual about the old Hottentot being drunk. But I figured my employers and the American public might like to see what he actually was—this man who was trying to gain recognition by the United States.

I didn't stop to put on a coat, but got in a machine and hurried to the cafe.

The report was true. Huerta was having a grand party with companions in the broad low room. And bottles were strewn all over his table.

I quickly set up my camera and focused it on him; then started to turn the crank.

Suddenly I was jerked by strong arms. Someone grabbed my camera and we were piled without ceremony into a car. Soldiers were all around me on the running board and in the seat.

We whirled through the streets, while pedestrians stopped and looked wonderingly.

IMPRISONED!

We approached a great structure

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

GEN. GONZALES BACK IN 1914

Here is a photograph of Gen. Gonzales (center, wearing glasses) who is likely to become provisional president of Mexico under the new regime.

It was taken back in 1914 by A. E. Wallace, Journal Staff photographer, while he was doing Mexico for the Hearst syndicate.

"I never could get a picture of Gonzales without his colored glasses," Wallace said Tuesday. "And no one else ever did. They are his religion."

The shell held by one of his staff in the background is now in Wallace's office in Evansville. The view was taken upon the Mexican gunboat, Zaragoza.

EX-GOVERNOR AT MISSION RALLY

J. Frank Hanly Here to Address Rescue Workers' Meeting

J. Frank Hanly, former governor, was here from Indianapolis Tuesday to address the Tuesday night meeting of the seventh annual convention of the International Union of Rescue Missions being held here.

Rev. S. D. Gordon, of New York, is the other speaker on the night program. Rev. Harry H. Krattig of Norfolk, Va., will preside.

Rev. C. H. Wodlston of Philadelphia, speaker Tuesday afternoon, will talk to Central high school students at 2:40 p. m. Wednesday.

C. E. Sweet of Los Angeles, Charles Simpson of Bridgeport, Conn., Jim Ward of Cedar Rapids, Ia., and Rev. Obediah Becker of Allentown, Pa., were morning speakers.

Officers for the coming year will be elected Tuesday morning. Rev. Ernest Reveal, local superintendent, said.

WAGES HIGHER, CENSUS SHOWS

Report of Government's Manufacturing Survey Nearly Finished

The government's manufacturing census of Evansville will have been completed by the end of this week, Charles A. Williams, chief special agent of the manufacturing census, announced Tuesday upon his return to his office in the federal building, following an inspection tour of the work in southern Indiana.

Vanderburgh county has a total of 420 establishments, reports show. The term manufacturing establishment is applied to any business which turns out a manufactured product and employs labor, Williams explained. There are 824 manufacturing establishments in the First district, Williams said.

Census returns show that wages in Vanderburgh county are considerably higher than at any of the previous five-year census canvasses. Salaries are proportionately high, reports indicate.

WARSAW. — Bolshevikl troops who succeeded in crossing the Upper Beresina in several places have been driven back across the river with great losses including more than 400 prisoners, according to an official statement here today.

WIFE AND BABE OF BUSH HERE; ASKS $20,000

Girl Is Suing on Advice of Judge

Mrs. Ethel Bush and 6-months-old daughter, Jean Mildred, have come from New York, joining her husband, Tom Bush, here at the home of his mother, Mrs. Nettie Bush, 217 Walker street.

Mrs. Bush was the victim of a malicious prosecution on false charges of larceny in the Morrisiana police court in New York, the young husband claims. The judge apologized to Mrs. Bush when she was released.

He said that upon the advice of the magistrate of the court his wife is suing for $20,000 damages.

Lapsed Insurance May Be Reinstated

Mrs. Mayme Outley, civilian relief secretary of the Red Cross, 212 postoffice building, Tuesday received instructions for the reinstatement of government insurance policies.

"Regardless of how long a service man's insurance has been lapsed or cancelled and regardless of how long he has been discharged, special rulings permit him to reinstate his insurance at any time before July 1, 1920, by the payment of two monthly premiums on the amount of insurance to be reinstated and a satisfactory statement of health," Mrs. Outley explained.

Service men wishing to reinstate their insurance are asked to call Mrs. Outley.

Johnson Thanks Attorney Bohannon

Attorney W. O. Bohannon, Vanderburgh county chairman of the "Johnson-for-President" club, received a letter of appreciation from Senator Hiram Johnson Tuesday.

Johnson expressed his appreciation of the work done for him in the county by his adherents and gave his best wishes to all who supported him.

Strand to Close Six Weeks for Repairs

The Strand theater will close Sunday night, June 13, to remain closed for six weeks for remodeling, the management announced Tuesday. The entire interior will be redecorated and refurnished.

The Strand will continue to be a movie theater, it was understood.

Joe Justice at Salvation Army

Joe Justice, a converted Jew of New York City, here to attend the International Mission congress, will speak and sing at the Salvation Army citadel, 810 Main street, Tuesday night.

HONEYMOON BOAT OFF FOR BRAZIL

Evansville Boy Joins Party on Eight Thousand-Mile Water Trip

The Margret G. Miles, honeymoon boat, that has been here since last Wednesday, "shoved off" Tuesday afternoon and continued on her 8,000 mile voyage to Brazil, members of her crew have fortunes in lands and money awaiting them.

They intend to make their next stop at Henderson.

An Evansville boy, Gordon Bailey, went along. He will play the drums at concerts given by the crew to pay his expenses.

"I like Evansville better than any town at which we have stopped, and if I ever come back to the states, I intend to come to Evansville and build a practice," said Dr. Moore, the skipper, Tuesday.

"The women and girls that have come down to the boat to see us certainly have been fine to me. I would be satisfied if Dr. Moore would come back here and go into business," said the young wife who is making this trip her honeymoon.

"Unless some unforeseen misfortune comes to us, our $20,000 wager is cinched," Capt. Moore said just before the boat left.

"POLLYANNA" AUTHOR DEAD.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 25.—Eleanor Hodgman Porter, 51 years old, famous author of the Pollyanna stories, died at her home here, suffering from a breakdown due to overwork.

Her husband, John Lyman Porter, a Boston business man, and a brother survive.

Mrs. Porter's first success was "Pollyanna, the Glad Book." The Porters have lived in Cambridge for the last fifteen years.

SPEAKERS CHOSEN

Rev. E. Eckhart of Pittsburgh, Prof. L. Furbringer of Concordia college, St. Louis, and Rev. W. G. Polack of Evansville have been chosen speakers for the Trinity Lutheran diamond jubilee to be celebrated on June 6.

CASES CONTINUED

The case of Flourney S. Pride, 26 years old, 1594 Enlow avenue, accused of failure to support his wife, was continued Tuesday by Judge Ireland to May 28. The case of Jesse Wallis, 32 years old 828 West Delaware street, charged with a similar offense, was also continued.

ATTEND MEETING

Special to The Journal.

MT. VERNON, Ind., May 25.—L. E. Agin, master, and G. Edward Behrens, secretary, of Beulah Lodge, F. & A. M., of the city left Monday night to attend the Grand Masonic Lodge of Indiana in Indianapolis today and tomorrow.

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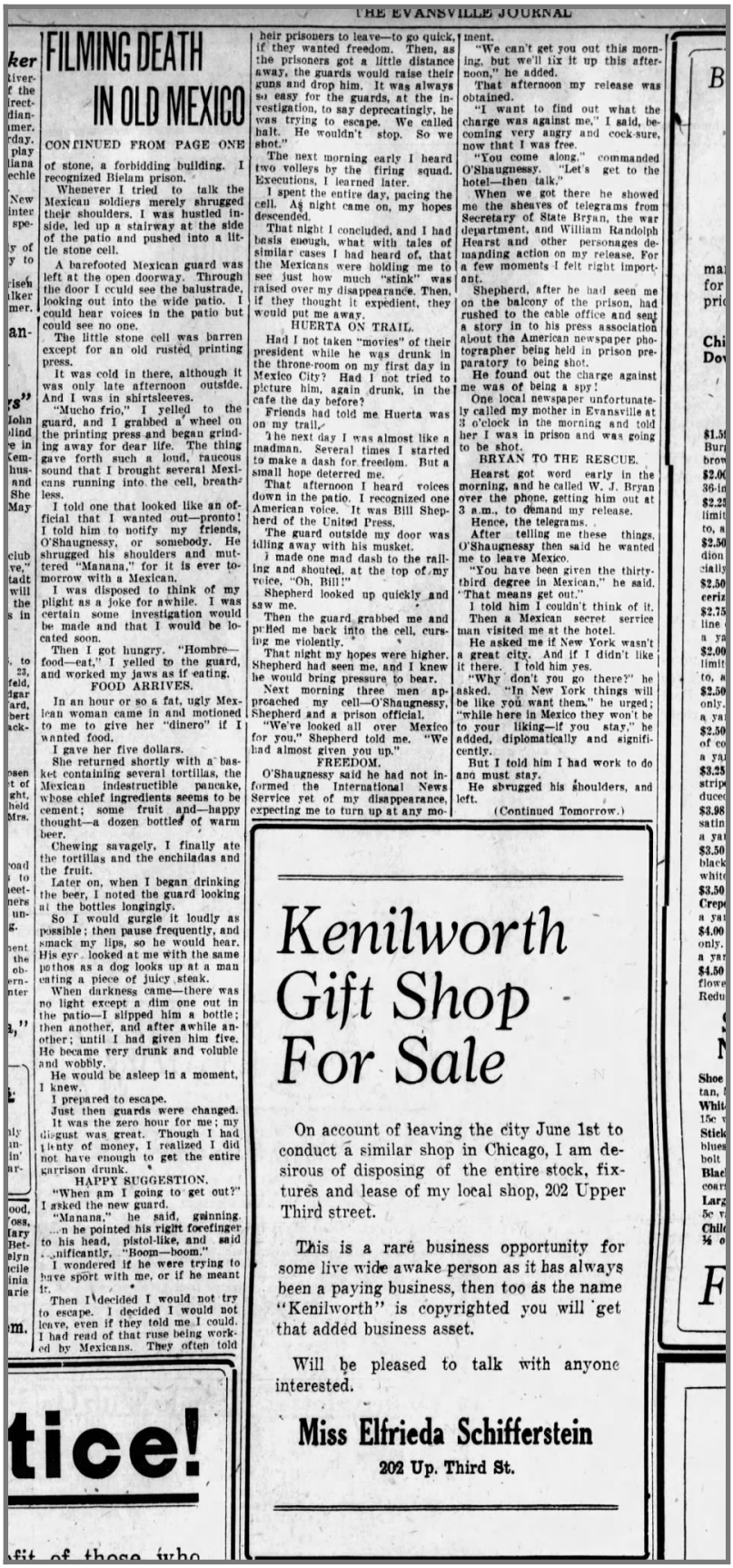

THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL

FILMING DEATH IN OLD MEXICO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

of stone, a forbidding building. I recognized Bielam prison.

Whenever I tried to talk the Mexican soldiers merely shrugged their shoulders. I was hustled inside, led up a stairway at the side of the patio and pushed into a little stone cell.

A barefooted Mexican guard was left at the open doorway. Through the door I could see the balustrade, looking out into the wide patio. I could hear voices in the patio but could see no one.

The little stone cell was barren except for an old rusted printing press.

It was cold in there, although it was only late afternoon outside. And I was in shirtsleeves.

"Mucho frio," I yelled to the guard, and I grabbed a wheel on the printing press and began grinding away for dear life. The thing gave forth such a loud, raucous sound that I brought several Mexicans running into the cell, breathless.

I told one that looked like an official that I wanted out—pronto! I told him to notify my friends, O'Shaugnessy, or somebody. He shrugged his shoulders and muttered "Manana," for it is ever tomorrow with a Mexican.

I was disposed to think of my plight as a joke for awhile. I was certain some investigation would be made and that I would be located soon.

Then I got hungry. "Hombre—food—eat," I yelled to the guard, and worked my jaws as if eating.

FOOD ARRIVES.

In an hour or so a fat, ugly Mexican woman came in and motioned to me to give her "dinero" if I wanted food.

I gave her five dollars.

She returned shortly with a basket containing several tortillas, the Mexican indestructible pancake, whose chief ingredients seems to be cement; some fruit and—happy thought—a dozen bottles of warm beer.

Chewing savagely, I finally ate the tortillas and the enchiladas and the fruit.

Later on, when I began drinking the beer, I noted the guard looking at the bottles longingly.

So I would gurgle it loudly as possible; then pause frequently, and smack my lips, so he would hear. His eyes looked at me with the same pathos as a dog looks up at a man eating a piece of juicy steak.

When darkness came—there was no light except a dim one out in the patio—I slipped him a bottle; then another, and after awhile another; until I had given him five. He became very drunk and voluble and wobbly.

He would be asleep in a moment, I knew.

I prepared to escape.

Just then guards were changed.

It was the zero hour for me; my disgust was great. Though I had plenty of money, I realized I did not have enough to get the entire garrison drunk.

HAPPY SUGGESTION.

"When am I going to get out?" I asked the new guard.

"Manana," he said, grinning. Then he pointed his right forefinger to his head, pistol-like, and said significantly, "Boom—boom."

I wondered if he were trying to have sport with me, or if he meant it.

Then I decided I would not try to escape. I decided I would not leave, even if they told me I could. I had read of that ruse being worked by Mexicans. They often told their prisoners to leave—to go quick, if they wanted freedom. Then, as the prisoners got a little distance away, the guards would raise their guns and drop him. It was always so easy for the guards, at the investigation, to say deprecatingly, he was trying to escape. We called halt. He wouldn't stop. So we shot."

The next morning early I heard two volleys by the firing squad. Executions, I learned later.

I spent the entire day, pacing the cell. As night came on, my hopes descended.

That night I concluded, and I had basis enough, what with tales of similar cases I had heard of, that the Mexicans were holding me to see just how much "stink" was raised over my disappearance. Then, if they thought it expedient, they would put me away.

HUERTA ON TRAIL.

Had I not taken "movies" of their president while he was drunk in the throne-room on my first day in Mexico City? Had I not tried to picture him, again drunk, in the cafe the day before?

Friends had told me Huerta was on my trail.

The next day I was almost like a madman. Several times I started to make a dash for freedom. But a small hope deterred me.

That afternoon I heard voices down in the patio. I recognized one American voice. It was Bill Shepherd of the United Press.

The guard outside my door was idling away with his musket.

I made one mad dash to the railing and shouted, at the top of my voice, "Oh, Bill!"

Shepherd looked up quickly and saw me.

Then the guard grabbed me and pulled me back into the cell, cursing me violently.

That night my hopes were higher. Shepherd had seen me, and I knew he would bring pressure to bear.

Next morning three men approached my cell—O'Shaugnessy, Shepherd and a prison official.

"We've looked all over Mexico for you," Shepherd told me. "We had almost given you up."

FREEDOM.

O'Shaugnessy said he had not informed the International News Service yet of my disappearance, expecting me to turn up at any moment.

"We can't get you out this morning, but we'll fix it up this afternoon," he added.

That afternoon my release was obtained.

"I want to find out what the charge was against me," I said, becoming very angry and cock-sure, now that I was free.

"You come along," commanded O'Shaugnessy. "Let's get to the hotel—then talk."

When we got there he showed me the sheaves of telegrams from Secretary of State Bryan, the war department, and William Randolph Hearst and other personages demanding action on my release. For a few moments I felt right important.

Shepherd, after he had seen me on the balcony of the prison, had rushed to the cable office and sent a story in to his press association about the American newspaper photographer being held in prison preparatory to being shot.

He found out the charge against me was of being a spy!

One local newspaper unfortunately called my mother in Evansville at 3 o'clock in the morning and told her I was in prison and was going to be shot.

BRYAN TO THE RESCUE.

Hearst got word early in the morning, and he called W. J. Bryan over the phone, getting him out at 3 a.m., to demand my release.

Hence, the telegrams.

After telling me these things, O'Shaugnessy then said he wanted me to leave Mexico.

"You have been given the thirty-third degree in Mexican," he said. "That means get out."

I told him I couldn't think of it.

Then a Mexican secret service man visited me at the hotel.

He asked me if New York wasn't a great city. And if I didn't like it there. I told him yes.

"Why don't you go there?" he asked. "In New York things will be like you want them," he urged; "while here in Mexico they won't be to your liking—if you stay," he added, diplomatically and significantly.

But I told him I had work to do and must stay.

He shrugged his shoulders, and left.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Kenilworth Gift Shop For Sale

On account of leaving the city June 1st to conduct a similar shop in Chicago, I am desirous of disposing of the entire stock, fixtures and lease of my local shop, 202 Upper Third street.

This is a rare business opportunity for some live wide awake person as it has always been a paying business, then too as the name "Kenilworth" is copyrighted you will get that added business asset.

Will be pleased to talk with anyone interested.

Miss Elfrieda Schifferstein
202 Up. Third St.

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Filming With Death In Mexico

Photographer Wallace Stages Sham (?) Battle at Tampico

By ANSEL E. WALLACE
Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly Hearst International News Service's star photographer in Mexico and European battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

Watch for the thrilling story of the Tampico incident, told in a new and thrilling version by Photographer Wallace in his series, "Filming With Death in Mexico," appearing daily in The Journal. The first portion of it will appear tomorrow and the rest the next day. Scores of American men, women and children threatened with death from mobs in Tampico waited while Wallace braved the mob and got to the American consulate to send a telegram imploring aid, to Admiral Mayo—who was unable to furnish it—why? You mustn't miss these articles. Today The Journal publishes the fourth of the Wallace series.

Shortly after being freed from Bielam prison, I went back to New York; then, suddenly, was ordered back into Mexico by William Randolph Hearst.

At that time Huerta was becoming extremely hostile to the United States and hostilities were expected at any time.

Just after I had arrived in Vera Cruz I learned "hell was popping" in Tampico.

I booked on a Mexican boat, bound for Tampico. But, before it could sail, authorities cancelled the trip. The boat was filled with arms and ammunition for Huerta soldiers in Tampico to quell revolutionists, but Huerta saw that with an American cruiser and several torpedo boats blockading Tampico, the boat would have no chance to land. And that is what the United States had done.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TAMPICO.

A young American officer, off the Cruiser Chester, who was returning from leave at New York, told me to stick with him and we would get to Tampico. We boarded a fast torpedo boat and soon landed at Tampico—the place that a few weeks later was to become famous as the scene of a narrowly-averted massacre of American citizens, at which time the government not only denied all aid, but withdrew its protecting ships and left the hundreds of American men, women and children to the mercy of Mexican mobs—and America virtually at war with Mexico.

I shall tell the truth of this affair in the next day or two—and it will be intensely interesting to every American citizen.

In Tampico I made many pictures —of old Gen. Zaragosa, the crabbed governor of Tamaulpas, and general of the federal troops in that district; of the great oil fields up the Panuco river; of the three big sandbars at the mouth of the river in the bay of Tampico, and the big dykes which extended the mouth of the river into the bay, to enable tankers to go up the river. Tampico was dirty; a typical oil town. There was nothing of the sentiment about it of other Mexican cities.

THE WAY TO HIS HEART

A friend suggested I make some movies of Gen. Zaragosa, himself, and that I get acquainted with him. He had a reputation of an intensely cruel man, with very few friends, but I might turn him, I was told.

So I visited the governor's home. While I was waiting for him to come, I saw a monkey sitting on a table in the patio.

I walked up and patted it on the head. The monkey looked me over, then grabbed my arm and climbed upon my shoulder.

Someone patted me on the back. It was Gen. Zaragosa.

"Good boy," he said. And he shook hands.

"My monkey can tell," he said. "When it screams—no bueno."

I found out later this monkey was the terror of all who visited the general and it was a regular prototype of Zaragosa. It was his hobby—the general's greatest interest in life, his monkey. Its sudden dislikes brought down hatred of the general, sometimes death, upon well-meaning Mexicans. I presume that had I known its reputation, I would not have dared to lay my hand on it—and I would have missed some fine pictures.

Through the governor, I was permitted to take pictures at the trenches, around the city. Rebel invasions were an every-day happening, and great precaution was necessary. I remember, looking out of the hotel window one morning and seeing a fight on the main street of Tampico. I was considerably interested in one Mexican federal soldier who had barricaded himself in the dirt just in front of me, lying flat on his stomach and firing up the street at a bunch of rebels at the other end.

AN INSTANCE OF BRAINS

As an instance of the ignorance of some Mexicans while he was firing a couple of Mexican men and one woman walked out into the street and looked at him curiously. They stood beside him and watched him fire up the street, and then looked to see whether his bullets

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

MAKING TORTILLAS

Most any day in most any Mexican town you can see, crouched in front of an adobe hut, her black hair glistening in bright sunlight, Mexican women making tortillas, the great national pancake.

Their manufacture is scarcely appetising and sanitary—but you'll eat 'em when you get hungry, just like Cameraman Wallace, who took this picture, and thousands of other Americans did.

Corn is soaked in a weak solution of lye so that the hard exterior can be removed next morning. Then a portion of the mixture is placed on a stone slab and ground by rubbing a small stone over it. Then the mass is rolled thin and placed upon the little charcoal stove, that is a part of every Mexican household.

Luhring's Labor Vote Is Tabulated By Federation

Special to The Journal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26.—The American Federation of Labor has made public the legislative record of Representative O. R. Luhring, First Indiana District, on measures of interest to labor.

The record shows that Representative Luhring during his short term in congress has voted upon fourteen bills of vital importance to the workers and out of this number one was deemed unfavorable by the national union leaders. The report of the executive committee of the A. F. L. is as follows:

SIXTY-SIXTH CONGRESS

May 21, 1919: Woman Suffrage—Favorable.

July 1, 1919: Appropriation for U. S. Employment Bureau—Department of Labor—Favorable.

July 16, 1919: Minimum Wage Scale—Objectional amendment by Representative Good—Favorable.

July 17, 1919: Vocational Education Board—Motion of Representative Good to reduce appropriation—Favorable.

July 17, 1919: Final passage of Sundry Civil Bill after being vetoed by president because of small appropriations for vocational education—Favorable.

July 22, 1919: Final passage of Nolan $3.00 Minimum Wage bill for federal employes—Favorable.

Sept. 20, 1919: Motion by Representative Fess to strike out anti-trust provisions favoring labor in First Deficiency bill—Favorable.

Oct. 17, 1919: Vocational rehabilitation of crippies in the industries of country—Favorable.

Oct. 27, 1919: Motion to reduce increases in fire department employes of District of Columbia—Favorable.

Nov. 17, 1919: Esch railroad bill—Anderson amendment favored by railroad organizations—Favorable.

Feb. 21, 1920: Cummins-Esch Railroad bill—Motion to recommit conference report, the effect of which would have given the opportunity to strike out of the bill the obnoxious anti-labor and other objectionable provisions—Unfavorable

Mar. 23, 1920: Naval Appropriation bill—amendment by Representative Hull of Iowa prohibiting use of appropriations to conduct stopwatch and bonus systems—Favorable.

April 30, 1920: Retirement bill—objectionable motion by Representative Blanton, excluding members of organized labor from benefits—Favorable.

April 30, 1920: Final passage of Civil Service Retirement bill—Favorable.

Summary of record:

Favorable	13
Unfavorable	1
Total	14

According to the plans of the American Federation of Labor this record will be read at the regular meetings of every local labor union in the First Indiana district between now and the election.

Douglas Seniors to Give Class Play

Seniors of the Frederick Douglas high school will present their annual class play and entertainment Friday evening, June 4, 8:15 o'clock, at Evans hall. The episodes of the three act entertainment, with the dances, have been arranged by W. F. Cooper.

Those who will take part are Anna Stubbins, John Grady, Ralph Powell, Hester Wilson, Vanoy Mockobee, Walter Johnson, Clarence McFarland, Douglas Landers, William Skinner, Helen Buckner, Charles Northcross, Willa Barnett, Nellie McFarland, Ophelia Anglin, Naomi Jackson, Beulah McFarland, Charlotte Glover, James Brown, Vernetta Wardle, James Piper, Paula Smith, Wilbur Majors, Marion Bell, Esther Dickerson, Ethel Tring, Catherine Taylor, Florena Bell, James Davis, Earle Crowe, Elsee Loving, Albert Carter.

Protest Against Alley Improvement

Eleven of the seventeen alleys recently ordered improved by the board of works will not be improved, unless action is taken by the council. The majority of resident property owners appearing before the board Wednesday morning asked the board not to make the improvements because of the high price of materials.

Alleys ordered improved included: Alley between Johnson's subdivision of Barnett's enlargement from Second to Howard streets; alley between Hess and St. Joseph avenues from Law avenue to Iowa street; alley between Main and Elsas from Illinois to Franklin; alley between Heinlein and Third from Florida and Tennessee; alley between Michigan and Virginia from Tenth to Eleventh avenues; and alley between Riverside and First from Mulberry to Oak.

Council Meeting Will Be Postponed

The regular meeting of the city council, scheduled for next Monday night, will not be held until June 7, because of Decoration day.

City hall and banks will be closed next Monday.

DENIES CHARGES

NEW YORK May 26.—Charges that the American Sugar Refining Company is demanding excessive prices, made yesterday by federal agents in connection with the arrest in Boston of W. K. Green, its general manager, were denied today by Earl D. Babst, president of the company.

WASHINGTON.—The senate bill providing for the vocational rehabilitation of persons crippled in industry was passed by the house and sent to the president.

C. L. U. Hasn't Copy of Luhring Record

Officials of the Central Labor Union haven't received the labor record of Congressman O. R. Luhring, made public by the American Federation of labor Wednesday.

Fred Hohenberger, an officer of the C. L. U., said Wednesday the C. L. U. is getting the labor records of all congressmen and will read them at labor meetings before election.

"I haven't received Mr. Luhring's report as yet, but if it gets in by Thursday it will be read at our weekly meeting Thursday night. From what I can find out Luhring's record is favorable," Hohenberger said.

3,000 CHILDREN ARE REHEARSING

Schools Turn 'Em Loose to Get Ready for Field Day Exercises

Rehearsal for the biggest field day ever attempted by the Evansville schools was being held at Bosse field Wednesday afternoon. Nearly 3,000 children left their respective schools shortly after 1 o'clock and were taken to the park on special cars.

Besides the usual drills of all schools, races for the boys, and the mass drill, this year's novel part of the program is the crowning of the first May day queen. The little queen, Edna Unfried, will give a solo dance following her crowning. There are four maypoles, each with vari-colored ribbons.

Arthur Fisher, business manager, Wednesday said the ticket sale is unusually large. There are many more requests for reserved seats than normal, he said.

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prisoner has been confined in the county jail for nearly two years.

FILMING DEATH IN OLD MEXICO

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took effect—just like one would watch a rifle practice.

Trenches outside the city were well built, composed of first and second line, with firing steps and parapets. I "shot" these.

But I ached for a battle.

As none was in prospect, I decided to "fake" one.

Armed with cognac and cigarets I persuaded the colonel in charge of the men in the trenches to stage a "fake" fight.

I put my camera up on a parapet, focused it properly and the colonel had Mexicans crawl in the trenches and put up a pseudo-battle.

Machine guns rattled, and muskets spat out smoke and bullets into the brush a short distance beyond.

REALISTIC ACTING

The Mexicans fell into the spirit of the thing—they always like to show off.

Suddenly one Mexican down in front of me, threw up his hands and his gun and toppled back.

"That was great—looked like the real stuff," I said to myself.

Then another fell over; and another.

Then I saw that the first Mexican was bleeding profusely. One of the others was shot through the head.

Rebels were in the bush; and they were returning fire.

What had started as a "fake" battle, had changed into a real one.

And there I was, standing on a parapet, like an imbecile, grinding and grinding away at my camera.

I jumped hastily down behind the parapet, and then a couple of Mexicans reached up, got my camera by the legs, and drew it down.

In a little while the rebels were routed, and the fire ceased.

The colonel thought it was a huge joke, the sham battle that was a real battle, and me exposing myself to the fire.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

TO OPEN SUNDAY

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Filming With Death In Mexico

Wallace Tells of Beginning of Tampico Riots, Which Stirred America

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly Hearst International News Service's star photographer in Mexico and European battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

Tomorrow, for the first time, the true account of the Tampico incident in which American men, women and children barely escaped massacre by Mexicans through the intervention, not of American vessels, but a German cruiser, The Dresden. Today, Cameraman Wallace, in the fifth article of his Mexican series, depicts the scene leading up to that night of anxiety for the American refugees—as well as for all of America, because these folk were never expected to get out alive. Exclusive photographs, taken by Wallace, will illustrate the story.

But, before I left the scene of the "sham battle" which turned out to be real, something else happened, which made things somewhat unpleasant in Tampico for me for a time.

It caused me to be accused of paying Mexican soldiers to have a man executed merely so I could get some moving pictures of the execution.

I will let you judge:

In the "sham battle" a rebel soldier was wounded. After his comrades had been dispersed, we could hear him in the bush just beyond the last trench.

A group of Mexican soldiers went over and brought him into the federal lines.

"What are you going to do with the poor devil," I asked my friend, the colonel.

"Shoot him at sunrise," came the nonchalant answer.

One of his lieutenants took me aside.

"If you give me cognac I will have the colonel shoot him now, so you can make pictures," he said.

The idea was repugnant to me, and I refused.

But the lieutenant ran over to the colonel and quizzed him.

Immediately the colonel ordered: "Have his shot at once!"

PICTURING AN EXCUTION.

I did probably what any newspaper photographer would have done under the circumstances.

I took the pictures of the execution, from the time the prisoner was led around against the wall of the little hut, and the firing squad was lined up to when the dapper lieutenant, with his attention more on my camera than on the victim, dropped his sword, and then fired the "mercy shot" from his revolver into the head of the unfortunate rebel.

When I got back into Tampico that night, my friends told me it was being noised about I had paid Mexicans to have a man executed, just to get "movies" of it. Because of this report I had to stand a good deal of "ragging" both in Tampico and aboard American ships—good-natured, most of it, because no one felt any pity for the "spics," but it hurt, just the same.

• • •

Then hell broke loose at Tampico'

I had no forewarning. Americans in Mexico always have a feeling into me, and hear muttered crater of a deadly volcano. It takes something more than a jar to shake them out of their indifference.

One day I went out to the trenches to take some more battle stuff.

I crossed over the first line, and went up the outer trenches, before I noticed that the Mexican soldiers were not friendly as a few days before. I could feel beady eyes boring into me, and hear muttered curses.

A CONVENTION OF HATS

Here's a Mexican mob, listening to one of the army chieftains, near Tampico where the rioting which Cameraman Wallace tells about in his series, took place. The photograph was snapped by Wallace—mainly to show the hats.

ARRANGE DETAILS OF PARK PURCHASE

Committee Meets With Weber to Settle Final Terms of Sale

The Exposition Finance committee and Jake Weber, manager of Cooks park, met at the office of Eugene Stevens at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon to arrange minor details of a contract whereby the amusement park will be purchased by the Evansville Exposition company. The purchase price is to be $40,000.

Following the plans suggested at Wednesday's meeting in the Chamber of Commerce auditorium the Exposition company will lease the park to Weber for a term of twenty years with the right to end the lease at the close of ten years if they so desire. It was planned that Weber get part of th first five years free of charge and after that pay a sum which will be increased each succeeding five years. The park may be used for amusement purposes by Weber when the company is not using it for the exposition. The lease is yet in the process of construction said Frank H. Hatfield chairman of the finance committee. It has not yet been agreed upon.

The Exposition company plans at present to build a stadium around the lake that will seat more than five thousand people. The stage will be built over the lake. The manufacturers building will be 117 by 233 feet, the pure food building 70 by 140 feet, and the live stock building 150 by 200 feet.

Jess Walker's Aid Freed By Court

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 27.—Joseph Auth, of Brooklyn, was acquitted here today of complicity in the murder of Samuel Wolchok, Brooklyn merchant, killed more than a year ago. The jury was out an hour and a half. Jess Walker of Evansville, Ind., and Guy Nichols of Trimble, O., were sentenced to die for their connection with the crime.

Evidence obtained from a diary found in the possession of Walker, but which was written in part by Auth, showed that Auth acted as a lookout for Nichols and Walker, who murdered Wolchok while robbing his store.

Auth denied that the passages in the diary relating to the murder were true. He said that he had written them on Sunday afternoons for his amusement.

Auth, Walker and Nichols were deserters from the navy.

Purpose of Union of Threshers Told

The purpose and by-laws of the Vanderburgh County Brotherhood of Threshman were explained by Organizer W. F. Arnold of Indianapolis at a meeting in the county court house Wednesday afternoon. Units, organized in every portion of the county will affiliate with the state organization.

Another meeting of all the threshermen in the county will be called next month for the purpose of forming a permanent organization.

Farmers Ask For Crushed Limestone

Farmers who attended the meeting the Perry Township Farmers'

Nashville Attorney to Dedicate Trees

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FILMING DEATH IN OLD MEXICO

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I saw the colonel behind me, and I went up to him and asked him what was wring.

He looked at me, unsmiling.

"You go back," he commended.

"But what is the matter?"

"You just go back—something happened—that's all I can say," he said. "You go back, if you can get back." He seemed to doubt whether I could get back.

I looked about the menacing faces of the soldiers around me, and necided it was time to depart.

I was stopped two or three times by guards, who were half a mind to arrest me. It was only by excited persuasion that I got through, and hired a carriage into town.

A great crowd filled the plaga in the center of town.

I jumped out of the carriage and pushen my way in deep into the throng to see what the excitement was.

All attention was fixed on a big sign on which had been placed the bulletin: "Vera Cruz Seized By Americans; U. S. at War With Mexico."

I came out of the crowd much faster than I came in, and I expected at any moment to have a dirk ran into my anatomy. There were scores of them visible, as well as guns. And the Mexicans appeared to be in a terrible temper.

FIRST SIGNS OF RIOTS.

Even as I went along the street toward the hotel—that early in the afternoon—small parades were in formation. "Gringo ————!" and other epithets were being shouted, and Mexicans, always joyful at the prospect of war, were increasing their patriotic ire with copius draughts of native liquor.

I met one American, bounn also for the Imperial hotel. "God, it will be awful here tonight!" he exclaimed, frightened.

There were hundreds of Americans in Tampico—oil men, plantation owners, business men, newspaper men, and visitors—and women and children.

It would be an impossible task to get them out of the city, knew, but I confidently expected assistance from the American ships out in the bay.

The cruiser Chester was in the bay; also three or four torpedo boats. I felt some security while they were there.

I was uneasy, but not downcast.

I had yet to learn that all American ships at Tampico had receiven sudden orders from the navy department to pull up anchor and go out into the gulf—leaving the American subjects to the mercy of the Mexican mobs!

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Hear Mr. Lee Page in popular songs. Press club

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In Mexico

Riots, Which Stirred America

THE WAKE OF A MEXICAN MOB

This photograph, snapped by Wallace at Tampico, shows the havoc created by the Mexican mobs on oil companies' property about Tampico upon the occasion of the occupation of Vera Cruz. Tanks were destroyed and blown up. After the mobs had completed their work, the place looked like a cyclone had struck it.

English and German property was unmolested; only American property suffered.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly Hearst International News Service's star photographer in Mexico and European battlefields.

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On Sunday Cameron Wallace will tell of the unlooked-for deliverance of American refugees in Tampico, after the night of horror, when hope was about gone. The sixth article of the series, appearing today, paints a colorful picture of the anxiety of the refugees, barricaded in Tampico's two leading hotels, while Mexican mobs paraded outside, shooting in the windows, while American ships which had been stationed in the harbor, were sailing out into the gulf, under sudden orders, leaving Americans to their doom.

The United States at war with Mexico!

I couldn't believe the bulletin I had read in the plaza at Tampico. Even when I saw drunken Mexicans forming parades in the streets, and flashing guns and knives, I thought there must be some mistake.

But so far as the Americans in Tampico were concerned, if a mistake, it was a cruel one. I had no doubt American boats out in the bay would experience trouble in getting all Americans out of the city without spilling blood, so hated were we by Huerta and his men, as well as the rebels.

When I reached my hotel, the Imperial, it was being barricaded. I heard the other big hotel, the Southern, also was barricaded. All the refugees in Tampico had gathered in one or the other. At the Southern, dynamite bombs had been prepared as a last resort in quelling the rioting that was certain as night.

The Imperial was filled with American men, women and children, and there were several Germans—the hotel was owned by Germans.

The men folks were gathered about American Consul Miller when I came in.

He was literally pulling his hair in rage and anxiety.

Then I learned the reason.

AT MERCY OF THE MOB.

The American cruiser, the Chester, and the torpedo boats which had been stationed in the bay, had suddenly, under orders from Washington, pulled up anchor and sailed out into the gulf and out of sight.

"This is horrible!" Miller kept saying, over and over again.

"War's declared! We're in a terrible fix!"

He or anyone else could not explain the unprecedented and almost criminal act of the navy department in calling away the ships in time of danger; drawing away the only protection the Americans had.

By sundown a long parade had formed in the streets. Mexicans had drums and bugles. They passed the hotel every half hour or so, waving flags and yelling "Vive Mexico!"

As night came on they lit torches. Reeling through the streets, mad with liquor and excitement, they cursed the "gringoes" and looked threateningly at the hotel.

By early night the parade was so large that it overflowed onto the sidewalks.

"DEATH TO THE GRINGO!"

Then we heard the cry, "Death to the Gringo!"

One of our party in the hotel was the son of John Lynd, Wilson's personal representative in Mexico. He was highly indignant that the Chester had sailed off without him on board. He was highly indignant at Wilson, at the navy department, at the United States—at every one.

American Consul Miller came back to the hotel, leaving a boy in charge of the consulate. It was no longer safe. Mexicans had threatened it.

The mob got braver and braver. Then we heard the first shots. Each time the parade passed the hotel bullets were poured into the windows of the hotel until all were shattered. We were well barricaded on the ground floor, and the group of men stood near the doors ready to fight to protect themselves and families.

I had two [illegible]

Young Lynd wanted one but I wouldn't give it to him. A wealthy oil man there named Kind said he could shoot. So I gave him one of my automatics.

Col. Caldwell of the Associated Press was there. Another celebrity was James Galbraith, millionaire oil man, with his son and daughter-in-law and baby.

WIRELESS TO MAYO.

Then Consul Miller said he must try to send a wireless to Admiral Mayo, commanding the fleet in the gulf. Mayo must come to our rescue, Miller said, navy department or no navy department.

I volunteered to take the message to the consulate, which was several blocks from the hotel.

We waited until the mob parade had passed the hotel once more; then when all was quiet, we moved the great ice chest from the front doors and I slipped into the streets. They were quite deserted.

I walked rapidly. I was passing the great Agula Oil company's building—the most impressive building in Tampico—when I heard shouting and yells coming nearer and nearer.

Then the Mexican mob swept around a corner a half a block away, and headed toward me!

At the side of the Agula building was a great steel fence, enclosing a big yard. Inside were several Englishmen. They were safe because the Agula was an English concern and the Mexicans had a wholesome respect for the English.

"Open up, quick, and let me in," I shouted to them. "The mob is coming."

"I'm sorry, but we cawnt open the gate," came the lackadaisical reioined.

It was too late, anyhow.

The mob was upon me.

Shuffling, cursing, shooting they came, waving flags and torches.

"Death to the Gringo!" they shouted.

I flattened myself against the steel gate—tried to resolve into steel netting.

The mob swept passed, jostling me rudely.

One big greaser bearing a torch spotted me. He shuffled up to me and leered into my face questioningly, holding the torch close.

"Vive la Mexico!" he shouted in my face.

I took off my hat, and fear lending "mucho kusto" to my voice, yelled as vociferously, "Vive la Mexico!"

He was satisfied and went on with the crowd.

It was a full minute before my heart recovered normal action. The danger was over. The mob was past. They thought I was a Englishman.

Then I turned around to my friends, the Englishmen, on the interior and cursed them. But I elicited no response and went on, reaching the consulate in another block or two.

APPEAL FOR AID.

The young fellow in charge said he had heard nothing, absolutely nothing.

I gave him Consul Miller's message to Admiral Mayo.

It implored immediate aid. It told Mayo that rioting had started and that scores of American lives were in grave danger; that massacre was almost inevitable unless something was done.

Then I started back to the hotel—feeling that the end, indeed, had come!

(Continued Sunday.)

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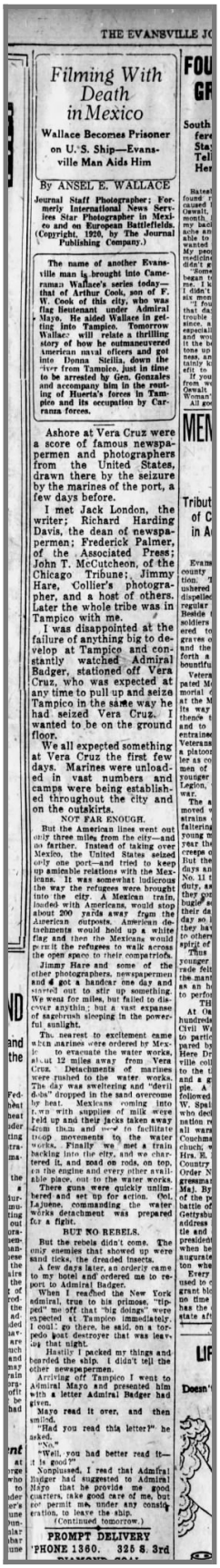

THE EVANSVILLE JO

Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Becomes Prisoner on U. S. Ship—Evansville Man Aids Him

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields. (Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

The name of another Evansville man is brought into Cameraman Wallace's series today—that of Arthur Cook, son of F. W. Cook of this city, who was flag lieutenant under Admiral Mayo. He aided Wallace in getting into Tampico. Tomorrow Wallace will relate a thrilling story of how he outmaneuvered American naval officers and got into Donna Sicilia, down the river from Tampico, just in time to be arrested by Gen. Gonzales and accompany him in the routing of Huerta's forces in Tampico and its occupation by Carranza forces.

Ashore at Vera Cruz were a score of famous newspapermen and photographers from the United States, drawn there by the seizure by the marines of the port, a few days before.

I met Jack London, the writer; Richard Harding Davis, the dean of newspapermen; Frederick Palmer, of the Associated Press; John T. McCutcheon, of the Chicago Tribune; Jimmy Hare, Collier's photographer, and a host of others. Later the whole tribe was in Tampico with me.

I was disappointed at the failure of anything big to develop at Tampico and constantly watched Admiral Badger, stationed off Vera Cruz, who was expected at any time to pull up and seize Tampico in the same way he had seized Vera Cruz. I wanted to be on the ground floor.

We all expected something at Vera Cruz the first few days. Marines were unloaded in vast numbers and camps were being established throughout the city and on the outskirts.

NOT FAR ENOUGH.

But the American lines went out only three miles from the city—and no farther. Instead of taking over Mexico, the United States seized only one port—and tried to keep up amicable relations with the Mexicans. It was somewhat ludicrous the way the refugees were brought into the city. A Mexican train, loaded with Americans, would stop about 200 yards away from the American outposts. American detachments would hold up a white flag and then the Mexicans would permit the refugees to walk across the open space to their compatriots.

Jimmy Hare and some of the other photographers, newspapermen and I got a handcar one day and started out to stir up something. We went for miles, but failed to discover anything but a vast expanse of sagebrush sleeping in the powerful sunlight.

The nearest to excitement came when marines were ordered by Mexic to evacuate the water works, about 12 miles away from Vera Cruz. Detachments of marines were rushed to the water works. The day was sweltering and "devil dobs" dropped in the sand overcome by heat. Mexicans coming into town with supplies of milk were held up and their jacks taken away from them and used to facilitate troop movements to the water works. Finally we met a train backing into the city, and we chartered it, and road on rods, on top, on the engine and every other available place, out to the water works.

There guns were quickly unlimbered and set up for action. Col. Lajuese, commanding the water works detachment was prepared for a fight.

BUT NO REBELS.

But the rebels didn't come. The only enemies that showed up were sand ticks, the dreaded insects.

A few days later, an orderly came to my hotel and ordered me to report to Admiral Badger.

When I reached the New York admiral, true to his primose, "tipped" me off that "big doings" were expected at Tampico immediately. I could go there, he said, on a torpedo boat destroyer that was leaving that night.

Hastily I packed my things and boarded the ship. I didn't tell the other newspapermen.

Arriving off Tampico I went to Admiral Mayo and presented him with a letter Admiral Badger had given.

Mayo read it over, and then smiled.

"Had you read this letter?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, you had better read it—it is good!"

Nonplussed, I read that Admiral Badger had suggested to Admiral Mayo that he provide me good quarters, take good care of me, but not permit me, under any consideration, to leave the ship.

(Continued tomorrow.)

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until our muscles were numb and almost refused to obey.

HALTED!

We passed in between two American torpedo boat destroyers, and knew we were getting near the jetties.

But we were detected.

A boat was lowered from one of the destroyers and was headed toward us.

Dimly we could see the form of an officer standing as it neared us.

"Halt!" he cried.

"Halt, hell!" I responded. "How can we halt out here in these waves?"

"Are you Americans?" he asked.

We told him who we were.

"We've got to get into shore," we said.

"Well, you must wait here until I send a message to Admiral Mayo," he said. "Americans are not allowed ashore."

The boat retraced its path to the ship.

Needless to say, we did not wait, but rowed like mad toward shore. The waves were rolling treemendous and each time our little craft went down—down—down, we felt we were going to hit the floor of the sea.

AT LAST, THE JETTIES

After an interminable time, our boat grazed one of the jetties. We reached out and grabbed hold, and rested a few minutes. Then silently we pulled ourselves along, aided by the wooden piling.

A faint blush out on the sea, reflecting ever so slightly the rising and falling horizon, showed daylight was near. It was dawn when we reached the docks at Dunas Siella, a port to the east of Tampico.

We moored our boat and pulled our aching bodies to the platform, and there we stretched supine upon the rough boards—but it was the most pleasant bed I ever struck. We forgot about Gen. Zaragosa up in Tampico who was moving heaven and earth to catch us. We forgot about murderous Huertistas. We forgot about all our broils, we did not even think about what grave danger we were in—lying out on that platform in broad daylight—two hated "gringoes."

But we went to sleep.

We were rudely awakened—but that for tomorrow.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Outwits American Captors and Has Thrilling Escape to Mexican Shore

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields. (Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

Arguments were unavailing. Admiral Mayo had his orders.

For the next four days I paced the deck of the Connecticut. The Panuco river lay far away—too far for me to get any photographs, if the American ships had entered suddenly and begun hostilities.

Then a party of oil men came aboard, along with some rebel Mexicans, to see Admiral Mayo. Among them was the oil man, Galbraith, whom I had befriended on that night in Tampico, and assisted in getting on board the Dreaden, though only women and children were being taken.

These oil men had chartered a steamer, the Atlantic, and were anchored near the Connecticut. Like me, they had been ordered to stay away from shore, but they had come again to ask the admiral to allow them to go ashore to look after their big refinery.

In his teth episode, which The Journal publishes today, Photographer Wallace tells of the thrilling escape he and an oil man negotiated from the Atlantis, which enabled them to arrive in Tampico just as "hell broke loose" and the Huertas were routed by the Carranza forces. These stories are unusually timely, coming as they do now on the heels of another Mexican revolution, and the formation of a new government. They give the reader an idea of the uncertainty and continual havoc of Mexican affairs, and the precarious existence that Americans have been forced to live there, because of the failure of our government to intervede.

The rebels with them told Admiral Mayo their forces were going to enter Tampico in the next few days and take it from the rebels.

After they had gone I asked Admiral Mayo to allow me to go on board the Atlantis.

"I'll be nearer than I am on the Connecticut," I remonstrated.

FINALLY SUCCESS.

But Admiral Mayo laughingly told me there was nothing doing.

"You wouldn't be near enough to take pictures," he said. "You stay here."

Then Arthur Cook of Evansville, son of F. W. Cook, the brewer, befriended me. He was flag lieutenant under Mayo.

"You let me handle this thing and I believe I can get you over to the Atlantis," he said.

He talked to Mayo and then returned.

"It's O. K.," he said. "You may go."

I put my traps in a motor dory and soon I was on board the Atlantis.

Galbraith, remembering what I had done for him, said he would be glad to help me all he could, but he didn't see how I would be able to get ashore. He had an order from Admiral Mayo, he said, forbidding it.

One oil man on the boat and I became very friendly. He was anxious as I to get ashore, and soon we began laying plans to outwit our captors, the U. S. navy.

THE ESCAPE.

One pitch dark night, when no one was on deck, we maneuvered until we had got one of the ship's life boats around to the foot of the ship's ladder. We went down the ladder, and were just ready to get into the boat, when the mate came to the railing above us and peered down.

"Who's that?" he asked, sharply. We told him.

"We're going to try to go ashore," I said. "I have Galbraith's permission."

"You come up here and go up to the bridge with me," he said, doggedly. "Let Mr. Galbraith tell me that. He has given me no such instructions."

Cursing under my breath, I went up the ladder and started following the mate. When he had almost reached the bridge, I lagged back; then suddenly turned and ran to the ladder, down it, and trusting to God and good luck, leaped in about where I expected the life boat to be.

The oil man was already in it.

OFF IN THE NIGHT

We grabbed up the oars and rowed like made for a minute or two; then we rested our oars.

We heard a commotion ad board the Atlantis and the lowering of life boats.

They searched for us all around the ship for several minutes, but the pitchy night hid us.

Then we found that we were drifting out to sea.

I think I have already described the bay outside the Panuco river. Sandbars had constantly formed at the mouth of the river, making navigation up to Tampico, several miles up the river, impossible. So long jetties had been built out into the bay, and in between these narrow dikes ran the channel.

The current here was swift, and formation of the jetties and the huge rolling waves from the gulf rendered traveling dangerous.

On, could scarcely see the outlines of our boat, so dark it was.

We could not tell whether we were making headway against the drift to sea, and we had rowed

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2 MONDAY, MAY 31. ...eVILLE JOURNAL

Filming With Death In Mexico

Wallace Escapes Wrath of Admirals; Sent Down to Vera Cruz

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Service Staff Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields. (Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

Wallace goes to Vera Cruz in this, the ninth of his Mexican series. From now on the series will be more and more thrilling and more and more interesting as the noted photographer skims the cream off his remarkable adventures and discloses the high lights of his life. The incidents he will describe will give readers a clearer insight into Mexican ideas and mentality than a score of novels—the utter cruelty, avarice, selfishness and lack of morals. You must read every one of them. They will continue to be written simply, with conciseness and accuracy the watchwords.

As I said, I cruised about on my tug in the Panuco river opposite Tampico for three days, waiting for something to happen. I expected U. S. ships and marines and sailors to at any time to seize the port.

American property had been damaged and I was confident the United States would do something to protect the big oil interests of its citizens at this place.

One morning the sound of firing awakened me.

"Fine! They have come at last," I said to myself as I jumped into my clothes and got my camera on deck.

The engineer, also an American, and I cheered lustily.

ONLY THE MEXICANS

But it proved to be only the Mexican gunboat, The Bravo, firing at some rebels at Donna Sicilia who had attempted to enter the town.

The Hermine sent over another cutter to see me. Admiral Mayo, the American naval commander, had ordered that I must leave Tampico was-tera immediately. I laughed, and told the officers that I didn't care to leave just when the "fun" was beginning.

Tampico is a few miles up the Panuco river and my tug was stationed just opposite the customs house.

I realized I would be in a dangerous position if Americans did enter the bay and start routing out Huerta's men. But it couldn't be helped. I consoled myself with the thought that I would also be in an extraordinary good position to get pictures when the fun started.

Then I had a happy thought.

I would go down to the Mexican Bravo, I decided, and get some snappy pictures of Mexican gunners firing on the rebels over on the hills.

HOW FRIENDS CHANGE.

I got a motor boat and pulled up alongside the Bravo.

I knew the little "spick" captain pretty well. I had often taken him cigarets and cognac.

So I hooked him up and showed him my pass—an old one that Gen. Zaragosa had given me.

"I want to get some good pictures of you and your men," I said.

He looked at me sternly. There was no friendship in his glance.

He said:

"You had better get back. Soon you will be hanging up there," and he pointed to the yard arm.

He said Gen. Zaragosa, the ernst old governor whom had taken a fancy to me because his pet monkey liked me, was my friend no longer; that he had determined to catch me.

I got off quickly. I didn't like the captain's suggestive manner concerning hanging.

WARNED AGAIN.

There was a Mexican naturalist at Tampico who had been in the habit of coming over to the tug every day and bringing me cigarets and the gossip of the place.

Shortly after I left the Bravo, this naturalist came over to the tug. He was a real friend.

"Zaragosa is after you. He says you are a spy," he told me. "You must get away from here. You are in grave danger."

I took his advice. The next thing was to find a way to get out.

A British tanker, the El Zora, was stationed near the tug. I went over to it and hooked up the captain, a kindly old Scotchman.

I held out a flask of Scotch whisky—which in Mexican waters (most anywhere, for that matter) is the customary form of greeting, your card of introduction, the better the Scotch, the better your reception.

I told him what I wanted—to get out a short distance in the bay—just near enough to be able to get on the scene when the tars came to take over Tampico.

WRECKS A GUNBOAT.

He said he didn't have anything to do, and he might as well be out in the bay as up the Panuco river.

The bargain was made, and we started downstream. We had to pass the Bravo and another ship, one signalled for us to go one way; the other, signalled the opposite. Our pilot became confused, and the El Zora side-swiped the Bravo, tearing off one of its treasured guns. The Bravo's captain gnashed his teeth and shook his fist at us, and the crew shouted curses; but we went on.

We had got near the mouth, when I was abruptly ordered to report to the Connecticut, Admiral Mayo's flagship. A cutter took me to the flagship, and I was led to the admiral, who was seated under awnings in the after part of the ship.

"Good afternoon, admiral," I said.

He looked up.

"You have caused me a lot of trouble," he said. "Why don't you obey orders?"

"Admiral," I said, "I was sent down here to get pictures, and now you want me to leave when something is about to happen. I can't do it. I am taking the responsibility."

"I have a notion to send you back to the United States," he said, thoughtfully.

"If you do, I'll come right back," I said firmly.

He studied awhile; then smiled.

"I tell you what," he said, "There's a Spanish liner leaving tonight for Vera Cruz. You get on that boat."

GOES TO VERA CRUZ.

I jumped at the chance. Vera Cruz just then was figuring in the spot news of the day. Americans had taken it over and there were probably good pictures to be taken there.

So I left that night.

As the boat neared Vera Cruz another cutter—I was beginning to despise these trim little cutters that always brought me trouble—came alongside. An officer shouted:

"Is Photographer Wallace aboard?"

Someone said yes.

A line was thrown out to the cutter and I boarded the cutter.

I was taken to the New York, stationed outside Vera Cruz, and led before Admiral Badger, who was in charge of the outfit.

He was severe-looking.

"What kind of capers have you been cutting at Tampico?" he asked me sternly. "I have a radiogram from Admiral Craddock (the British commander) that you stayed up the river in spite of orders that you were to get out; that you tried to anchor behind the Hermine; that you insulted the captain of the Hermine; that you hired the captain of a British oil tanker to cruise you about on the bay. And," he added, "that Gen. Zaragosa has ordered that you be sent back to him at Tampico."

CLOUDS DISSIPATE.

I laughed sort of foolishly. I had a generous growth of beard. I had lost my hat. I had come away from Tampico hurriedly with few clothes, and was wearing a pair of dirty marine breeches, and a dirty tan shirt.

He didn't laugh.

Finally, I said, "Well, I'm ready to go back."

Suddenly he laughed, and told me to sit down and make myself comfortable.

"Now tell me all about it," he said.

So I described to him my associations in Tampico, the exciting experiences I had had, the rioting, the departure of the American ships and the narrowly-averted massacre of Americans; then my attempt to stay around Tampico until the Americans came.

Then he called in some officers, had a table brought there, and then quizzed me minutely concerning the Huerta soldiers, entrenchments, the lay of the town and garrison.

The officers transcribed to their maps what I told them.

"Are you going to take Tampico?" I asked him, curiously.

"I don't know," was the admiral's non-commital reply.

After they were through questioning, Admiral Badger thanked me and said he would do anything in his power for me.

"I have only one request," I said. "That is: If there's anything doing I want to be along with you when you do it. What?"

He promised.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

In the middle ages noble Italian women filled the chairs of law, mathematics and philosophy in some of the principal universities.

WHERE WALLACE WAITED

This photograph taken by Cameraman Wallace shows where he waited, despite frequent orders from American commanders to get out, the coming of Americans to seize Tampico, and where flirted with death at the hands of Mexican generals. The long, low building to the left is the custom house, and it was opposite this that the British Hermine and the German Dresden and other ships were anchored—and where the American ships had been before they pulled out to sea.

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$150 Suits for $75.00
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Suggestions for the Boy

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Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Sees Gruesome Sight, Entering Tampico With Rebels.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 12

Just before we got into Tampico with the victorious rebels, I took a picture of two military trucks that had overturned on the road, slippery from the excessive rain.

"There's a good picture," shouted "Short," the oil man with me, and he pointed a few feet away to a sunken part of the roadway.

Four pairs of Mexican hands stuck in the mud!—that is what I saw.

A trench had been tunneled under the roadway a few days before by the rebels, so as to avoid tearing up the road. But the heavy rains had loosened the dirt; a shot had jarred the dirt—and four Mexicans underneath had been buried alive. Instinctively they had thrown their arms upward, and this position the dirt had covered them.

The palms were clutched convulsively by the agonies of death.

They were past helping, and we moved on into the city.

In the outskirts I set up my camera in a narrow street to take pictures of the devastation wrought by the federals in their evacuation.

TRAPPED!

As I was screwing my camera on the tripod a bunch of Mexican soldiers backed around a corner several yards away, firing like mad up the street from whence they came.

"Shorty," I yelled, "hold this camera."

But Shorty had disappeared.

I was flabbergasted.

The fighters were backing directly towards me, firing at the unseen foe.

I couldn't tell whether the men firing ahead of me were rebels or federals. That's one trouble in Mexico—you can't tell by the looks of it which side the army belongs to.

I heaved a sigh of relief as the little force of men suddenly made a dash forward and disappeared around the corner.

Shorty reappeared, and we followed a crowd of rebels up to the main square of the town—the plaza.

Then I took pictures of Gen. Gonzales entering the town in much pomp, astride a horse.

Then we all gathered there celebrating, suddenly there came a man running down the street with his gun trailing behind him.

MAKING OF A REBEL.

He was a federal, dressed in trim blue uniform, with a green pith helmet. Everyone knew he was a federal, but he looked so strange in that vast throng of rebels that no one shot him.

He ran up to within a few feet of where I was standing talking to some rebel officers.

"Where are they?" he shouted. "Where's my army?" he yelled again, in Mexican.

One of the rebel officers, looking at him curiously, told him the federals had fled—had departed toward the south.

The big fellow ripped out a tremendous oath, lifted his gun high in the air and slammed it fiercely against the ground, then stamped on it. "They deserted me," he said—"left me out there in the trench and did not tell me they had vamoosed."

He then declared he was a rebel—and the rebels, with great laughter, admitted him in the cause.

That night we heard a report that caused us much discomfiture.

The federals, it was said, had gone up to the huge oil wells at Panuco, up the Panuco river, and were preparing to break the huge dams that guarded the oil reservoirs there, set fire to the stuff and allow it to float down the river to Tampico, and thereby to set fire to Tampico.

(CONTINUED SUNDAY.)

WASHINGTON—The Senate passed without record vote the bill providing increased pay for postal employes.

ADVERTISEMENT

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Soon, it is almost ready to fall off. You help it just a little by lifting it off 'twixt thumb and finger. You don't even feel it, because there is no hurt left in it. Millions have proved it the cleanest, surest, safest and most pleasant method.

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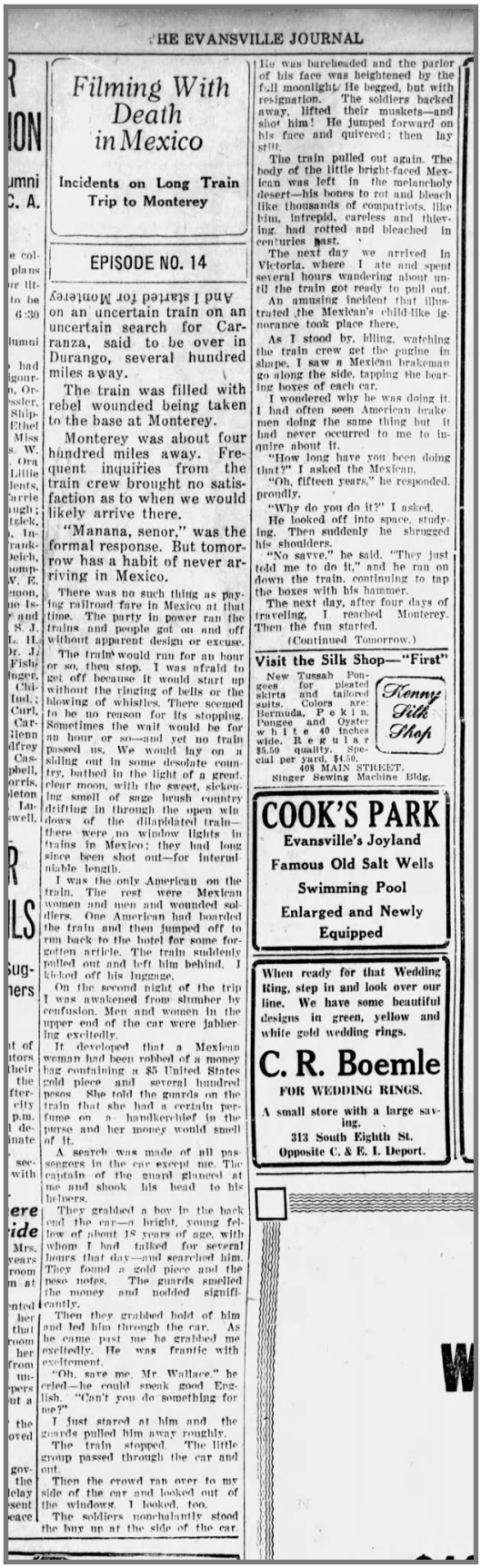

THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL

Filming With Death in Mexico

Incidents on Long Train Trip to Monterey

EPISODE NO. 14

And I started for Monterey on an uncertain train on an uncertain search for Carranza, said to be over in Durango, several hundred miles away.

The train was filled with rebel wounded being taken to the base at Monterey.

Monterey was about four hundred miles away. Frequent inquiries from the train crew brought no satisfaction as to when we would likely arrive there.

"Manana, senor," was the formal response. But tomorrow has a habit of never arriving in Mexico.

There was no such thing as paying railroad fare in Mexico at that time. The party in power ran the trains and people got on and off without apparent design or excuse.

The train would run for an hour or so, then stop. I was afraid to get off because it would start up without the ringing of bells or the blowing of whistles. There seemed to be no reason for its stopping. Sometimes the wait would be for an hour or so—and yet no train passed us. We would lay on a siding out in some desolate country, bathed in the light of a great, clear moon, with the sweet, sickening smell of sage brush country drifting in through the open windows of the dilapidated train—there were no window lights in trains in Mexico; they had long since been shot out—for interminable length.

I was the only American on the train. The rest were Mexican women and men and wounded soldiers. One American had boarded the train and then jumped off to run back to the hotel for some forgotten article. The train suddenly pulled out and left him behind. I kicked off his luggage.

On the second night of the trip I was awakened from slumber by confusion. Men and women in the upper end of the car were jabbering excitedly.

It developed that a Mexican woman had been robbed of a money bag containing a $5 United States gold piece and several hundred pesos. She told the guards on the train that she had a certain perfume on a handkerchief in the purse and her money would smell of it.

A search was made of all passengers in the car except me. The captain of the guard glanced at me and shook his head to his helpers.

They grabbed a boy in the back end the car—a bright, young fellow of about 18 years of age, with whom I had talked for several hours that day—and searched him. They found a gold piece and the peso notes. The guards smelled the money and nodded significantly.

Then they grabbed hold of him and led him through the car. As he came past me he grabbed me excitedly. He was frantic with excitement.

"Oh, save me, Mr. Wallace," he cried—he could speak good English. "Can't you do something for me?"

I just stared at him and the guards pulled him away roughly.

The train stopped. The little group passed through the car and out.

Then the crowd ran over to my side of the car and looked out of the windows. I looked, too.

The soldiers nonchalantly stood the boy up at the side of the car. He was bareheaded and the parlor of his face was heightened by the full moonlight. He begged, but with resignation. The soldiers backed away, lifted their muskets—and shot him! He jumped forward on his face and quivered; then lay still.

The train pulled out again. The body of the little bright-faced Mexican was left in the melancholy desert—his bones to rot and bleach like thousands of compatriots, like him, intrepid, careless and thieving, had rotted and bleached in centuries past.

The next day we arrived in Victoria, where I ate and spent several hours wandering about until the train got ready to pull out.

An amusing incident that illustrated the Mexican's child-like ignorance took place there.

As I stood by, idling, watching the train crew get the engine in shape, I saw a Mexican brakeman go along the side, tapping the bearing boxes of each car.

I wondered why he was doing it. I had often seen American brakemen doing the same thing but it had never occurred to me to inquire about it.

"How long have you been doing that?" I asked the Mexican.

"Oh, fifteen years," he responded, proudly.

"Why do you do it?" I asked.

He looked off into space, studying. Then suddenly he shrugged his shoulders.

"No savve," he said. "They just told me to do it," and he ran on down the train, continuing to tap the boxes with his hammer.

The next day, after four days of traveling, I reached Monterey. Then the fun started.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Joined by Famed News Writer in Search For Carranza.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.

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EPISODE NO 15

I moved my luggage from the train to the Iturbide hotel at Monterey. Iturbide was not a hotel keeper, as one might presume, from the fact there are Iturbide hotels in every Mexican city; he was emperor of Mexico back in 1820 or 1830.

Here's a tip to American hotel keepers: The Iturbide in Monterey dispensed with a hotel register, if it ever had one. Instead, there is a large blackboard back of the clerk's desk. The clerk writes in chalk, and in uncomfortably large letters, your name, address and the number of your room.

I glanced up at the blackboard as I entered.

There the name of Gerald Brandon was inscribed.

Brandon, as you all know, is the famous free-lance writer and adventurer, who gained fame recently in France, where he served in the American legion before America had entered the war. Wherever there's trouble, you may find his dynamic little personality in the midst of it, taking notes and photographs which magazines and newspaper are glad to buy.

MEET BRANDON

I was vastly pleased. There were no other Americans about. And I knew Brandon well.

I went up to his room and after the handshaking was over, told him of my search for Carranza.

"I'll go with you," he decided immediately. "I'm doing some work for Hearst."

Before we started I had to go up to Brownsville for more money and more film. Brandon waited for me at Monterey.

When I got back Brandon suggested that we go to Torreon and see Villa who would tell us where Carranza was.

You see, Wilson was backing Carranza; that was the reason the American newspapers were so anxious to find out all they could of the chieftain.

There was no trains running. The first city we had to strike was Saltillo, a couple of hundred miles southwest of us. The track was torn up and there were bad mountain ranges to cross over.

We got a hand car and hired four peons. We bought several quarts of cognac to run in the human engines—as I have said before, a Mexican can go any distance or carry any load if you provide him with cognac.

We started out.

BEAUTIFUL TRIP

It was a beautiful trip at the start. The tracks were down-grade and it took little effort to pump the handcar along. When when we started up the steep grades the troubles multiplied. Puddles of perspiration formed under the peons and they were forced to stop several times and take on "shots" of cognac before being able to proceed.

We passed over broken steel bridges that trembled and shook under us and all but tumbled down into deep and dry ravines beneath. At times we almost had to desert our handcar; but each time the Mexicans would finally pick up the handcar and carry it across.

It was a typical scene in Mexico—wild and rolling, with mountains in the distance; miles and miles of mesquite and rolling sand. At our left along a wide arroya ran a cliff. It was a melancholy landscape, yet an alluring one, one whose influence and romance I have never escaped.

One of the Mexicans spied a rabbit. I wanted Brandon to shoot it, but he passed the favor on to me. I pulled out my big automatic and shot quickly—and as luck would have it, hit the rabbit.

The Mexicans eyed me with increased respect—and my good luck, I suspect, resulted in us making the journey with comparative safety. Both of us had considerable money, and these murderous "spics" could easily have robbed us and made away with it.

Finally, we arrived at a place where further travel by rail was impossible. An engine had been chained to the track and then run backward. It had pulled up the rails for miles and miles.

A REBEL HACIENDA

We sent one of the Mexicans ahead to scout, to see if it was possible to carry the handcar to where the tracks began again. He was gone an hour; then returned to tell us it was impossible.

He informed us that a hacienda of a rebel chieftain was ahead of us. So we shouldered our paraphernalia and started for it.

We walked all night. The moonlight was very bright and the baked mountain ranges gleamed at our sides.

We reached an adobe wall early in the morning. It surrounded the hacienda of the rebel chieftain.

There we were held up by rebel guards and taken before the chieftain.

For a little bit I thought we were up against it. But Brandon, who was adept at speaking spiggoty, salved the chieftain by telling him that we were looking up Villa and Carranza, but that he had stopped at the hacienda to get pictures of the wondrous little force gathered there.

Mexicans are very susceptible to flattery. This chieftain was no exception. He grinned, gave us something to eat, and then framed a sham battle for us to picture. I was mighty glad when it was over, because the energetic warriors used real bullets and cared not where they aimed.

He not only stocked us up with food, but gave us horses to ride and furnished a burro to take care of my heavy camera and tripod.

With this new equippage we continued next morning on our way to Saltillo.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

SPEEDER FINED.

Cornelius Adler was fined $5 in city court Tuesday on a charge of speeding. He was caught at Second and Mulberry streets.

Doesn't

Magic!

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Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Sees Rout of Huertistas By Villa at Parredon.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.
(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 16

Huertistas were in Saltillo, we discovered, so we took a cut-off course northwestward to Parredon. Huertistas, once our friends, were now our enemies.

Gerald Brannon, the writer, and I were equally anxious to reach Villa and learn the whereabouts of Chieftain Carranza, whose name later was to figure extensively in American headlines. It already was, for that matter, but very little was known of him. Hence, our great desire to reach him first.

The surroundings were strange and entrancing and wild. How our Mexican guides could pick a trail in such desolate and unmarked country was more than we could fathom. We simply trusted to them and let our horses laze along, timing their pace with that of our faithful burro, which carried the camera and tripod.

We went up and down deep arroyas which branched out bewilderingly and we seemed to be following no certain direction.

At dark we pitched camp in the purple sage and dropped to sleep after a light meal.

AWAKENED!

In the middle of the night, I was awakened suddenly.

The dim form of a Mexican bent over me.

I reached for my gun quickly, expecting violence.

He hastened to apologize and said he had come to get my permission to shoot wild burros which kept coming in to our horses trying to steal their feed.

He said federals might be around and the shots would be heard; that was a responsibility he wanted me to shoulder.

I told him to see Brandon, who immediately said no.

The night passed without incident and next morning, after our breakfast of tortillas and "jerke," dried beef, we started out on another day's trip, over the same kind of country. We stopped every little while and ate prickly pear and drank water from our canteens. There was no water in the landscape. The deep ravines appeared once to have contained water, but they were dusty and dry now.

Late in the afternoon, we neared Parredon and heard firing.

"Mucho combata," said one of the "spics" with us.

We sent him ahead to find out what side was winning—a precaution that uncertainty in Mexico renders extremely advisable. If one plays safe in Mexico, he must play to all sides and know beforehand what breed of bandits he is to encounter.

He returned with the information that Villa was routing the federals from the town, preparatory to going down to take Saltillo.

FIRST DEAD SEEN

We suddenly came upon a federal officer and a soldier, both freshly dead, lying in the road.

We stayed out of Parredon all night while the firing went on.

The next morning, after it was all over, we saw the havoc outside the town created by the fight.

Federals had been terribly beaten. Not only had Villa surprised a large number of them and routed them out of the town, but he had captured a full troop train. Only one federal train had got out in safety.

For miles and miles down the railroad track we could see parts of uniforms, caps, helmets and coats thrown crazily about.

A Mexican told us that the federals in their dismay had run down the track by hundreds, tearing off their caps and coats as they sped along, so their uniforms would not be a target to Villa's marksmen. However, very few escaped; those that did probably starved to death in the deserts. Those that didn't were lying along the track bed.

When we got into Parredon, Villa was not there. He had gone down to Saltillo on the heels of the rebels. The rebels told us we would have to go to Torreon and wait for him to come back there. He would be back, they said, in four or five days.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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Children's Knit Pants, fine weave cotton, tight knee, ages 2 to 10 years. Sale price, suit..... **22c**

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Girls' Union Suits, fine weave cotton, low neck, and sleeveless, knee length. Ages 4-6-8; worth 50c Sale price, suit..... **35c**

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—Photo by A. E. Wallace.
Journal Staff Photographer.

Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Rides Top of Troop Train Back to Torreon.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 17

So we went up to Torreon to wait for Villa to come back from Saltillo victorious from his fight with the Huerta warriors.

We were forced to ride on a train of wounded that the rebels were convoying back to Torreon to the base hospital.

We had to ride on top of the cars, and the corrugated iron we sat upon for the two or three days of travel in the sunlight was so hot that one easily could have fried an egg upon it.

SWEETHEARTS, TOO.

Many Mexican soldiers and their "sweeties" rode along with us. In addition to their sweethearts, the soldiers carried along other necessary things, such as bandalereos, guitars, cognac, their muskets and knives and cartridge belts. Some of them wore little caps like our civil war soldiers wore in their campaigns. Most of them were dressed in anything they happened to have grabbed up before starting off to war, and altogether we were a nondescript lot.

Some of the girls who accompanied "their men" to war were uncommonly pretty; others, just swarthy mostly-Indian women, obese and fierce looking.

There were no physicians aboard the troop train, although there were scores of wounded. The women were the nurses. In Mexico, sweethearts and wives are the army's commissary. Warring down there is a national pastime; not one confined only to young men "between the ages of 21 and 31 years."

MUSIC, TOO.

We rode through deserts, dawns and sunsets and moonlight wastes. Evereybody seemed to be happy. Guitars and love songs, "La Golondrina" and "La Paloma" and other tender airs, accompanied by rythmic brat of wheels on the rails and the creaking of rusty couplings and brakes.

It was a pleasant journey, with all the oppressive heat and lack of sufficient provender.

At one place in the desert our nostrils encountered a terrible smell. The train slowed up. Then we saw thousands of head of cattle strewn all over the track and the desert wastes.

This was an unusually dry year and the great herds of cattle, that usually found these plains profitable, died from thirst. Frantically they had started down the railroad trucks and had arrived at this place, where there was usually water. This year it had dried up and the thousands of head had perished.

Eventually, without mishap, we reached Torreon. There we met Villa.

(CONTINUED SUNDAY.)

Prisoner Walks Out

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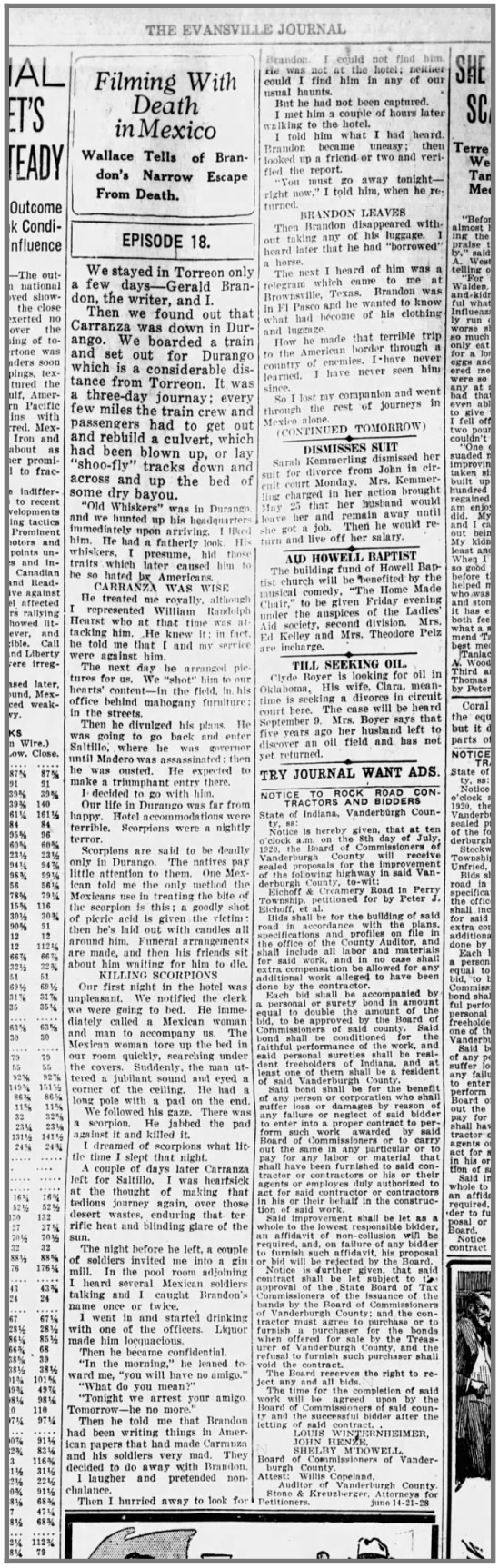

THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL

Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Tells of Brandon's Narrow Escape From Death.

EPISODE 18.

We stayed in Torreon only a few days—Gerald Brandon, the writer, and I.

Then we found out that Carranza was down in Durango. We boarded a train and set out for Durango which is a considerable distance from Torreon. It was a three-day journey; every few miles the train crew and passengers had to get out and rebuild a culvert, which had been blown up, or lay "shoo-fly" tracks down and across and up the bed of some dry bayou.

"Old Whiskers" was in Durango, and we hunted up his headquarters immediately upon arriving. I liked him. He had a fatherly look. His whiskers, I presume, hid those traits which later caused him to be so hated by Americans.

CARRANZA WAS WISE

He treated me royally, although I represented William Randolph Hearst who at that time was attacking him. He knew it; in fact, he told me that I and my service were against him.

The next day he arranged pictures for us. We "shot" him to our hearts' content—in the field, in his office behind mahogany furniture; in the streets.

Then he divulged his plans. He was going to go back and enter Saltillo, where he was governor until Madero was assassinated; then he was ousted. He expected to make a triumphant entry there.

I decided to go with him.

Our life in Durango was far from happy. Hotel accommodations were terrible. Scorpions were a nightly terror.

Scorpions are said to be deadly only in Durango. The natives pay little attention to them. One Mexican told me the only method the Mexicans use in treating the bite of the scorpion is this; a goodly shot of picric acid is given the victim; then he's laid out with candles all around him. Funeral arrangements are made, and then his friends sit about him waiting for him to die.

KILLING SCORPIONS

Our first night in the hotel was unpleasant. We notified the clerk we were going to bed. He immediately called a Mexican woman and man to accompany us. The Mexican woman tore up the bed in our room quickly, searching under the covers. Suddenly, the man uttered a jubilant sound and eyed a corner of the ceiling. He had a long pole with a pad on the end.

We followed his gaze. There was a scorpion. He jabbed the pad against it and killed it.

I dreamed of scorpions what little time I slept that night.

A couple of days later Carranza left for Saltillo. I was heartsick at the thought of making that tedious journey again, over those desert wastes, enduring that terrific heat and blinding glare of the sun.

The night before he left, a couple of soldiers invited me into a gin mill. In the pool room adjoining I heard several Mexican soldiers talking and I caught Brandon's name once or twice.

I went in and started drinking with one of the officers. Liquor made him locquacious.

Then he became confidential.

"In the morning," he leaned toward me, "you will have no amigo."

"What do you mean?"

"Tonight we arrest your amigo. Tomorrow—he no more."

Then he told me that Brandon had been writing things in American papers that had made Carranza and his soldiers very mad. They decided to do away with Brandon.

I laugher and pretended nonchalance.

Then I hurried away to look for Brandon. I could not find him. He was not at the hotel; neither could I find him in any of our usual haunts.

But he had not been captured.

I met him a couple of hours later walking to the hotel.

I told him what I had heard. Brandon became uneasy; then looked up a friend or two and verified the report.

"You must go away tonight—right now," I told him, when he returned.

BRANDON LEAVES

Then Brandon disappeared without taking any of his luggage. I heard later that he had "borrowed" a horse.

The next I heard of him was a telegram which came to me at Brownsville, Texas. Brandon was in El Paso and he wanted to know what had become of his clothing and luggage.

How he made that terrible trip to the American border through a country of enemies. I have never learned. I have never seen him since.

So I lost my companion and went through the rest of journeys in Mexico alone.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DISMISSES SUIT

Sarah Kemmerling dismissed her suit for divorce from John in circuit court Monday. Mrs. Kemmerling charged in her action brought May 25 that her husband would leave her and remain away until she got a job. Then he would return and live off her salary.

AID HOWELL BAPTIST

The building fund of Howell Baptist church will be benefited by the musical comedy, "The Home Made Chair," to be given Friday evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society, second division. Mrs. Ed Kelley and Mrs. Theodore Pelz are incharge.

TILL SEEKING OIL.

Clyde Boyer is looking for oil in Oklahoma. His wife, Clara, meantime is seeking a divorce in circuit court here. The case will be heard September 9. Mrs. Boyer says that five years ago her husband left to discover an oil field and has not yet returned.

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS.

NOTICE TO ROCK ROAD CONTRACTORS AND BIDDERS

State of Indiana, Vanderburgh County, ss:

Notice is hereby given, that at ten o'clock a.m. on the 8th day of July, 1920, the Board of Commissioners of Vanderburgh County will receive sealed proposals for the improvement of the following highway in said Vanderburgh County, to-wit:

Eichoff & Creamery Road in Perry Township, petitioned for by Peter J. Eichoff, et al.

Bids shall be for the building of said road in accordance with the plans, specifications and profiles on file in the office of the County Auditor, and shall include all labor and materials for said work, and in no case shall extra compensation be allowed for any additional work alleged to have been done by the contractor.

Each bid shall be accompanied by a personal or surety bond in amount equal to double the amount of the bid, to be approved by the Board of Commissioners of said county. Said bond shall be conditioned for the faithful performance of the work, and said personal sureties shall be resident freeholders of Indiana, and at least one of them shall be a resident of said Vanderburgh County.

Said bond shall be for the benefit of any person or corporation who shall suffer loss or damages by reason of any failure or neglect of said bidder to enter into a proper contract to perform such work awarded by said Board of Commissioners or to carry out the same in any particular or to pay for any labor or material that shall have been furnished to said contractor or contractors or his or their agents or employes duly authorized to act for said contractor or contractors in his or their behalf in the construction of said work.

Said improvement shall be let as a whole to the lowest responsible bidder, an affidavit of non-collusion will be required, and, on failure of any bidder to furnish such affidavit, his proposal or bid will be rejected by the Board.

Notice is further given, that said contract shall be let subject to the approval of the State Board of Tax Commissioners of the issuance of the bonds by the Board of Commissioners of Vanderburgh County; and the contractor must agree to purchase or to furnish a purchaser for the bonds when offered for sale by the Treasurer of Vanderburgh County, and the refusal to furnish such purchaser shall void the contract.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

The time for the completion of said work will be agreed upon by the Board of Commissioners of said county and the successful bidder after the letting of said contract.

LOUIS WINTERNHEIMER,
JOHN HENZE,
SHELBY M'DOWELL,
Board of Commissioners of Vanderburgh County.

Attest: Willis Copeland,
Auditor of Vanderburgh County.

Stone & Kreuzberger, Attorneys for Petitioners. june14-21-28

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Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Meets Villa and Villa's Bloodthirsty "Killer"

By ANSEL E. WALLACE
Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.
(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 20

Tomorrow Photographer Wallace will tell of exciting incidents of his stay with Villa and the bloodthirsty Fierro, Villa's "killer" in Torreon. His recital of events in the next two or three episodes—the time he kicked Villa in the face; the tense battle between a scorpion and a centipede; the fight in a Mexican dance hall; how Mexicans made highly explosive grenades—will be highly interesting.

The morning after I arrived in Torreon I looked up Villa.

His headquarters were a substantial building in the center of town.

His lieutenants informed me the "jefe of the north" was in a back room and bade me enter.

Then I caught my first glimpse of the far-famed warrior, alleged perpetrator of countless atrocities, who has been in public print more and a longer time than any Mexican warrior.

He was seated, with another chair in front of him, eating two watermelons voraciously.

He looked up genially, and after I had explained I wanted to get some pictures for Hearst, became cordial.

"Have some watermelon?" he asked me.

And I partook of the fruit.

SCHMITT ON STAND.

Schmitt went on the stand at 9:30 o'clock and concluded his cross examination at 10:20.

He was exceedingly nervous throughout and stammered frequently, particularly upon cross examination by Slack.

Slack's cross examination was one of the hardest yet put.

Attorney Duncan of the Spencer-Duncan and Spencer firm, questioned Schmitt.

Duncan read off graphically all the evidence testified to by government witnesses, asking Schmitt if that evidence was true.

"It certainly is not," Schmitt replied to every question.

He told the court he was a married man and had a wife and "little baby," but did not explain the little baby was recently adopted.

He explained how he had gone to Henderson to attend the fair and later was a witness in trials, but denied emphatically all the testimony given by Van Pickerill.

"Did you tell Van Pickerill that the government was after him?" asked Attorney Duncan.

DENIES ALL.

"No, sir-ree," answered Schmitt, "Tell the court whether or not you told Van Pickerill you could get him out from the mess through one of your friends at Indianapolis if he paid you $525."

"Indeed, I did not," answered Schmitt.

"Did you say to Van Pickerill that the Y. M. C. A. was 'raising Cain,' and that the booze boat would be a good stall?"

Villa spoke little English, but he easily made himself understood. He was as pleased as a child at the thought of having his picture taken and assured me that he would go out in a little bit and "shoot" everything of interest, including himself.

He had some business to transact, so I wandered about the headquarters.

MONEY IN THE MAKING.

I came into a room where two Mexicans were unloading a trunk that had just arrived—filled to overflowing with constitutionalist paper dollars. One of them handed me a wad of it.

It happened that I had a Durango dollar with me to which considerable interest was attached. It was worth $18—and one of the Mexicans present told me the history of it.

American miners were not permitted to ship gold out of Mexico. But they could ship silver—because the Mexicans regarded silver bars as too heavy to carry or fool with.

So some enterprising American had mixed gold and silver ore together and made it into bars for the purpose of shipping. During a raid down in Durango, Mexican soldiers had seized these bars and one of them had made a good die and coined some Mexican pesos.

And they were passed in currency for a long time before Mexicans became aware there was about $17.50 worth of gold in each of the pesos—and an ordinary silver peso was worth only 50 cents in the United States.

These Durango dollars had inscribed on them "Mure Huerta" (Death to Huerta).

MEETING VILLA'S KILLER.

Later I took Villa down front of the headquarters and snapped him several times.

Then he introduced me to one of the most notorious Mexicans of the age, the cruelest and most bloodthirsty, Rodolfo L. Fierro, Villa's personal bodyguard and noted as being his "killer."

Fierro was a fierce, but good-looking Mexican, with great black eyes and long black hair—with all the bravado and personal charm to be expected of a Spanish desperado. He could easily have passed off as a bull fighter.

He was the man who killed the Englishman, Benton, and almost brought down the armed force of two nations upon Mexico.

He told me that he had once known a railroad man in Mexico, named Wallace, and, with the childish ignorance of the extent of America, typical in Mexicans, asked whether we were relatives. I told him I thought so. That cemented our friendship.

He took me out and we made several movies.

RIDING WITH DEATH.

He had a monster automobile—Villa had confiscated all automobiles in Torreon—and he insisted on taking me out for a ride.

He could not drive, but insisted on doing so, anyway.

He went down the main streets of Torreon at a break-neck speed, slowing down neither for corners nor for children, women or children. He never blew his horn and he laughed long and loud at women and children scurrying like rats from his path.

Then he grew tired of driving on the streets and careened upon the narrow sidewalks.

Fortunately, we hit no one.

I had many experiences in Torreon with Fierro and Villa, of which I will tell in succeeding episodes. My experiences there were the most interesting of my Mexican existence.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

It is estimated that a difference of one inch in the rainfall occurring in July in the six chief corn-growing states makes a difference of more than $100,000,000 in the value of the corn crop.

Harding's Helpmate

Mrs. Warren G. Harding, Wife of Presidential Nominee, Helped Him in Newspaper Work

PARIS
GARTERS
No metal can touch you
Get the genuine every time
Imitations, at any price, cost you too much
A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago New York
See this trademark on the Paris box
PARIS GARTERS No metal can touch you
Your guarantee of garter quality

VENDOME
French Pastry and Tea Room
The only one of its kind in the state.
Best of Pastry.
Good Bread.
Delicious Soda
Fountain Drinks.

Harvesting Specials
For Five Days
Commencing Friday

Men's Elk Hide Work Shoes, $4.50 values 3.48
Men's Fine Dress Shoes, $6 and $8 values 4.98
Men's Khaki Work Pants; $4.00 values 2.24
Men's Blue Chambray Work Shirts, extra wide well made, size 16½; $2.00 value, special 1.24
Boys' Blue Overalls size 9 to 13; $1.50 values 98c
43-piece Set Fancy Decorated Dinner Set; $10 value 6.98

Mail Orders for the Above Bargains Given Our Prompt Attention
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Fierro, Villa's "Killer"

Rodolfo L. Fierro, Villa's Bodyguard, the Man Who Personally Executed Scores of Mexicans and Who Shot the Englishman Benton, Causing an International Uproar, Is Shown With Three Dance Hall Girls—Lower Photo, Ansel Wallace and Newspapermen in Mexico.

Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Tells of Exciting Meal Times in Torreon With Fierro.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields. (Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE 21.

On Sunday Photographer Wallace will tell of his visit to a grenade-making plant in a little adobe hut—where unskilled Mexican soldiers mixed dynamite and nitro-glycerine to stuff into cast-iron grenades.

Rodolfo Fierro, Villa's bloodthirsty "killer" and bodyguard, took me to a dance hall one day in Torreon.

The Mexican woman who managed the place told me, while serving us drinks, there had been "rough house" there the night before.

Drunken Mexicans, she said, had shot out all the electric lights in her place—and they are difficult to obtain down in Torreon.

Fierro looked around.

"You said all?" he asked, wonderingly. Then he spotted a corner.

"There's one they didn't get," he said, and pulled his revolver and shot directly over my head.

The remaining bulb disappeared.

The woman glared—and then smiled. You were afraid to do anything else when Fierro was around.

PERSONALLY EXECUTED SCORES.

The story of how he had personally executed scores of Mexicans, and how, growing tired of this, had lined them up one behind another—sometimes three in a row, and riddle them with one bullet—this story of these and other cruelties made you feel sort of creepy.

Then he insisted upon me going elsewhere to eat with him.

We went to a cafe run by a Texas negro—a rich negro, who stood in well with Villa. One curious fact in connection with this man was that he had put his own money in circulation. Paper being scarce, he had peso notes printed on pieces of sacks, which had been cut up into small pieces. And, strange to say, it was negotiable anywhere.

While we were eating, a little, dapper colonel sitting at a table nearby commanded our attention.

He cried childishly every little bit; then he would order some more liquor.

I inquired of Fierro.

"Oh, don't mind him," Fierro said. "He has just received word his son was killed in battle."

But the little colonel was determined everyone should pay attention to him.

MORE SHOOTING.

He pulled out his gun and began shooting.

The colored owner remonstrated with him. But without avail.

The little colonel became worse. Suddenly he got up and kicked his table over.

I decided it was a good time to leave—but Fierro commanded me to "sit down." He was watching the little colonel assuredly.

There was an octagonal fish fountain in the center of the room, filled with gold fish.

The negro proprietor tried to keep the colonel from getting near it. But the colonel brandished his revolver and the negro fled.

Then the little Mexican jumped into the fish fountain and pounded it to pieces. The fish went every way.

Just about the time we had decided to take some action a superior officer came in and ordered his arrest.

The next day the little colonel, freed but exceedingly angry, went on the warpath after the proprietor. The negro kept in his kitchens all day, with a double-barreled shotgun held tightly.

"I would have give him both barrels," the negro confided to me a day or two later.

I ate hardly a meal that was not accompanied by a cabaret of shooting at bottles or electric bulbs or of drunken brawls. Fighting was continuous. Depravity everywhere was in evidence.

One day Fierro said he wanted to take me out to where there had been real scrapping.

He took me far up into the knobs surrounding the city—the scene of a fierce battle some time ago.

The Mexican soldiers had built up great breastworks of stone, and these breastworks were strewn with dead. Instead of mortifying as they would have done in the humid atmosphere of the United States, the intense Mexican sun had merely dried them up.

The Mexicans called these dead "Mexican jerky"—associating the dried human flesh with the strips of beef which are dried out in the sunlight.

(Continued Sunday.)

ADVERTISEMENT

COULD NOT HOLD OUT LONGER

Virginia Lady Realized She Couldn't Stay Nervous, Weak, Pale and Hold Out Much Longer — Cardui Helped Her.

Dublin, Va.—Mrs. Sallie Hughett, of Route 2, this place, recently related her interesting experiences in recovering her health, saying: "when I . . . came on I was in a very bad condition and nothing the doctor gave me did me any good. Some say you have to let this take its course . . . but I knew there ought to be something to give relief. I was nervous, weak and pale. I couldn't eat or sleep to do any good, and felt I couldn't stand this very long.

"I heard and read of Cardui, and how it had benefited other women in the same condition, so decided to use it myself. After my first bottle I felt better, so of course kept it up, and it did the work.

"It helped me as nothing else did. I began to pick up right away. I ate and slept and could rest. I knew I was getting better. I kept it up and it did wonders for me."

Thousands of women, suffering as this Virginia lady did, have used Cardui with equally happy results, and voluntarily relate their experiences so that others, troubled with disorders common among women, may learn to take Cardui.

Let your druggist supply you, today.

Maine to Hold a Suffrage Referendum

AUGUSTA, Me., June 18.—A referendum on the act passed by the last legislature granting women the right to vote for presidential electors was ordered by Gov. Milliken in a proclamation today. The act will be submitted to popular vote at the state election on Sept. 13, in response to petitions signed by more than 10,000 voters.

GEO. W. PERKINS' ILLNESS FATAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Mr. Perkins was born in Chicago, Jan. 31, 1862. His father, George W. Perkins, was a pioneer in the life insurance field. The son entered the insurance business in Chicago when 15 as a clerk, became a bookkeeper, an agent and subsequently manager of a Cleveland office. He went to Denver and in 1895 was made vice-president of the New York Life Insurance company. His achievements attracted the attention of the elder Morgan and in 1900 he was invited to become a member of the Wall street firm. In this capacity he negotiated a number of big foreign loans. He remained with J. P. Morgan & Company until 1916.

Retiring from business a few years later as he said, "to devote myself to other work of a public and semi-public nature," Mr. Perkins wrote and spoke frequently on the subject of industrial justice and when Colonel Roosevelt became Progressive candidate for the presidency in 1912 he became chairman of the national executive committee of the party. Previously he had been a Republican.

Mr. Perkins early in the world war interested himself in the matter of American preparedness. He was a severe critic of President Wilson. After the United States entered the struggle he endeavored to stimulate food production and by large purchase of provisions at distant points sought to avert a war-time shortage in New York city. He was also active in Red Cross, Liberty loan and other patriotic drives. After the war Mr. Perkins went to France to investigate charges of waste and inefficiency against the Young Men's Christian Association workers abroad. He reported that while some mistakes had been made there was "little ground for honest criticism."

Mr. Perkins married in 1890, Miss Evalina Ball, a daughter of Flamen Ball of Cleveland, Ohio, to whom two children were born, Dorothy and George W. Perkins, Jr., the latter of whom was a lieutenant in the American Expeditionary Forces.

Home-Grown 'Spuds' Are on the Market

Potatoes began to drop Friday when the home crop started to come in. Vickery Bros. were quoting the "spuds" at 8 cents a pound or a drop of 2 cents since Thursday.

Up to this time this spring the new potatoes have been shipped in and this has caused the high prices. With the arrival of the crop here, however, much larger supplies are expected and a material drop will result.

TWO ARE ACCEPTED.

Norwood Whittenbach, 24 years old, 828 W. Indiana street, and Arthur V. Logsdon, 25, 2811 Division street, both ex-service men, were accepted by the navy recruiting station Thursday.

Eat 'em for Breakfast—then eat 'em for lunch—says Bobby

POST TOASTIES

Superior Corn Flakes

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Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Plays in Swimming Pool With Playful Villa

By ANSEL E. WALLACE
Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.
(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

Because of confusing errors Sunday, Episode 22 of "Filming With Death" is repeated today. Episode 23 follows it. Further adventures of Photographer Wallace with Villa in Torreon will follow tomorrow.

EPISODE NO. 22

One day I accompanied Rodolfo Fierro, Villa's big "killer," out to watch the making of hand grenades.

The grenade factory was a little adobe hut on the outskirts of town.

When I first went in I could not accustom my eyes to the darkness. Then I saw a couple of men bent over a big bowl stirring a doughy mixture.

"What is it?" I asked Fierro.

"Dynamite," he said. "They are mixing nitroglycerine with it, so it will go off quicker."

I moved back towards the door. The two Mexicans over the bowl were nonchalantly stirring the mixture and adding a liquid—the nitroglycerine—from long cans.

I got Fierro outside, and then walked away quickly, expecting at any time an explosion.

I asked Fierro whether or not men did not get killed making these explosives.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Very often we have to start all over again." He laughed.

So I stationed my movie camera up on a little knoll and trained it on the adobe hut.

I sat there for an hour waiting for the little shack to blow up. But it did not.

The Mexicans stuffed this yellow dough into cast-iron grenades, and attached a simple fuse to it.

HOW THEY USED THEM

Fierro told me how they operated the grenades.

Every grenade warrior always carried a lighted cigar. When ready to charge, he held up the fused end of the grenade to the cigar in his mouth—and then pitched it to the enemy.

While taking a town south of Torreon, the grenades had been highly successful. Armed with grenades the Villistas had climbed an eight-foot wall stealthily, and would grab the guns of the guards. Holding the guns rigidly, they then pitched the grenades over into the hacienda.

During all this time I saw Villa frequently.

One day he suggested that we go over to the Turkish baths and take a swim.

He commanded two "spies" to come along and carry some watermelons for us. The "jefe of the north" was very fond of watermelons.

I had read much of Villa's bloodthirsty way and was a little afraid of him.

So I was surprised to find him very playful and childish. Maybe it was just a mood—but we had great sport in the little pool.

PLAYFUL VILLA!

He would suddenly run up behind me and push me off into the water. So then I would catch him unawares and plunge him in. He would exhibit a mouth full of crooked teeth in a grin of vast enjoyment.

I kicked Villa in the face!

It happened while we were diving. I went first and I did not know he was behind me. So I kicked out—and hit him on the jaw. He let out a yelp of pain.

If he hadn't been so playful, I suppose he would have ordered my execution then and there.

While there I extracted from Villa the promise that he would let me go with him on his next battle.

EPISODE NO. 23

While I was enjoying these diversions in Torreon, the split between Villa and Carranza was growing wider. Several times officers under Carranza tried to patch up the differences, but without avail.

Carranza sent over a train to Torreon on which were Generals Cabrera and Gonzales, but they could do nothing with Villa. He was determined to establish his own government in the north.

A STRANGE BATTLE.

One day I saw a strange and a bitter fight, which I often recall with some "creepiness" at night time.

It was between a scorpion and a centipede.

The Mexican sport enthusiasts made a ring of burning embers on the ground, and all gathered round.

They took the scorpion and the centipede out of their respective boxes and placed them opposite to each other in the ring.

The heat drove both to the center of the ring, and the gruesome battle between these two deadly creatures began.

The scorpion had the advantage from the beginning. He charged the enemy repeatedly and each time he took off one of the many legs of the centipede. The centipede attempted to retaliate, and several times it curled its anterior fangs into the scorpion.

They were an odd pair—the long scorpion with its pincers in front and its long forked tail—lizard like—in emotion, and the centipede swiftly moving, crawly legs, and its poison fangs in the rear.

They both fought with the fibre parts of their bodies, seeking to disable each other. Both do their deadly work from the rear—the scorpion with a lightning movement of its tail and the centipede with its anterior legs.

Suddenly the centipede gave up, and tried to escape. The embers of fire barred.

Then the scorpion which was barely injured, made its last onslaught and nipping off the remaining legs of the centipede, thrust its tail into its victim.

The centipede gave up the ghost—but not without giving itself the final potion of poison. It curled and sank its own fangs into its head.

A centipede always commits suicide when hope is lost.

The Mexicans acted like they they were at a prize fight.

(Continued Tomorrow)

3,000 ENROLL FOR SUMMER SCHOOLS HERE

Report Shows No Increase Over Last Year

About 3,000 students will have enrolled for summer school when final reports are in Tuesday. This number is about the same as last year's enrollment. Reports from the various schools Monday are:

Baker	176
Centennial	132
Central	237
Chestnut	142
Claremont	85
Clark	72
Columbia	196
Delaware	224
Fulton	160
Howell	50
Stanley Hall	209
Wheeler	147
Third Avenue	99
Carpenter	113
Campbell	181
Emma Roach	116

"There will be some stragglers, of course," said Superintendent L. P. Benezet.

Observe Harvard Law School Centennial

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 21.—The centennial of the Harvard law school and the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the late Dean Christopher Columbus Langdells services were celebrated today by approximately 350 graduates. The school was founded in 1817 but war conditions caused postponement of the celebration.

The program included as speakers, Charles E. Hughes, President Lawrence Lowell of the university and Henry L. Stinson, former secretary of war.

JOINS NAVY.

Two boys were accepted for the navy summer training camp. They were Fred W. Hawkins, 16, and Paul R. Boren, 16, both of Posyville.

The navy aero car will leave Tuesday morning for Henderson, where they will recruit.

Chief Milligan will leave Monday evening for Terre Haute, where he will endeavor to obtain elevators for the navy aero car, as the last pair were knocked off by an automobile which struck them while the truck was coming down from Indianapolis.

"Y" DELEGATES LEAVE.

Seven Y. W. C. A. delegates will leave Thursday, for the Girl's Reserve convention at Dewey Lake, Dowajaic, Mich. Those to attend are Margaret Rogers, Mary Louis Kraft, Helen Fuquay, Bessie Cohen, Dollie Lory, Ethel Smith and Irene Nolan.

Mrs. J. J. Geringer, Eva Brinkmeyer, Minnie Freyling, Toledo Diederich, Iva Walton, Mabel Jones, Eva Milton, Alice Knight, the girls from the Y. W. C. A. attending the Industrial Federation of Girls' convention, will return Friday.

Ma To

MARIO ney Crissi friend of S made chai mittee to city and a "Well, I G. is an terday, "a to Marion new factor Mr. Cr Caledonia ing farm t the age o with his f "W. G. v tali at 10 now," he over his ch smartest more about who wrote He was of the othe high school In high said, Hard two gangs as "The Crissinger Chain Gan "Warren

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TALK Jonas t Thompson of Irish fr tablishing steamship mately car also declare from Eamo "Irish pres up hope of dom plank form at St back the t Reports were backe denied at Rose, th touring the companions mobile whe was almost when the la to spectato into a near men with is declared automobile door of the volley accor scene. Ros clerk, drop shooting a upon the fi before it wa MAD Shortly af and dispers was sent ou Before the issued, he per man an nothing to denounced and again made an e had disappe

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Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Goes With Villa to Take Big Mexican City

By ANSEL E. WALLACE
Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Services Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.
(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 24.

Fierro, Villa's official "killer," insisted I should see a bull fight before I left Mexico.

So one day, when banners and flags were hung out on buildings and everybody put on their best clothes, proclaiming a holiday, we went to the big amphitheater to see the fight.

There was a great ring, and matadors, and noble horses and ferocious bulls.

I was excited enough at the way the matadors met their enemies and soon rendered them powerless. But I sickened whenever a bull gored one of the horses. While the Mexicans cheered and shouted with the bloodlust in their eye, I turned my head or closed my eyes. Therein Americans and Mexicans differ.

There was one unusual feature. Matadors brought a powerful bull into the ring and kept it at one end of the arena, while in another end they sat up a short pedestal.

GIRL IN THE RING

To my surprise, a beautiful young Mexican girl walked out, dressed all in white.

She took her place on the pedestal, folded her arms and stood perfectly motionless.

Then the matadors cleared out of the arena.

The bull, snorting and reddened eyes gleamed ferociously, gazed on the white figure and then made a terrific charge toward her.

I held my breath—and so did the Mexicans.

About eight feet away from the girl the bull stuck its forefeet into the dust and slid, stopping just a couple of feet short of the pedestal.

I heaved a sigh of relief.

Again and again the bull would charge—but each time would grow frightened on nearing its objective. Then it would wander closely, sniffing suspiciously.

Then I found that a bull will never attack an inanimate object.

Fierro tried to get me out in the center of the ring to take some close-ups of the animals and the matadors—but I told him I had a good long-focus lens. It wasn't necessary, I said.

* * *

The next day I boarded a train with Villa and his warriors and went south with him to take the city of Zacatecas.

Carranza had been trying to persuade him to capture the city for some time. But Villa had obstinately refused.

WITH VILLA FOR BATTLE

Then Gen. Herrera had come up from Durango and tried to capture it from the federals. His troops had been routed ingloriously. Then Villa decided to punish the federals.

It was a long freight train—with the guns and supplies inside the box cars, the soldiers and camping paraphernalia on top, and Villa's pretty Pullman car as a caboose.

I chose to ride on top with the Mexican soldiers. They had their sweethearts and wives and families along. I have already related how the Mexican woman is the commissary of the Mexican army.

It was a tiresome journey. The train stopped often, because the tracks were badly torn up and had to be repaired.

Every time the train stopped the Mexican warriors would get off with their women folks and wander about the tracks, laughing and shooting and talking.

On one occasion I noticed a young Mexican woman get off and wander over near a little pond at the side of the track.

When the train got ready to start she failed to come back.

AN INCIDENT.

Villa, sitting on his observation platform, called to her and told her to get on "pronto!"

But she did not heed him, and in a few minutes the train pulled out, leaving her at the side of the pond.

The train went about five miles; then another bad stretch of track forced a stop of about two hours.

Several of us went back on Villa's observation platform and talked with him.

Suddenly Villa pointed up the track from whence he had come.

A solitary figure was approaching.

As it grew nearer we saw it was a woman. Then we recognized the woman we had left behind at the last stop.

She was not alone.

Wrapped in a portion of the shawl or mantillo, which all Mexican women bind over their hair, was a wee baby, not quite two hours old.

Villa looked at me and smiled, and then muttered something to the woman about "quick work."

She had given birth to the baby and walked five miles in the last two hours.

Villa commanded her to climb aboard—and she crawled up the iron ladder at the side of the box car—and was lost to view.

The train started again.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

WIFE NAGGED HIM.

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Filming With Death in Mexico

Wallace Closes Series With Story of Hard-Fought Battle

By ANSEL E. WALLACE
Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Service Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields.
(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 25

The taking of Zacatecas by Villa was a bloody affair.

There is a high hill or mountain in the center of the city, and it is said that one standing on the top of this mountain can throw a pebble on any house in Zacatecas.

Here the federals had stationed their artillery.

Villa surrounded the entire city, and machine guns were stationed along the only road leading south from the city, for shrewd Villa figured the evacuation would find its way along this road.

Then he stormed the city, and gained his objective—the mountain. He quickly stationed his artillery on the mountain, and the exodus of federals began.

The machine guns along the road southward were hid in the jungles alongside. I heard the federal army coming down the road and waited with bated breath.

LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER.

They were unsuspecting of the massacre that was coming.

Suddenly the rebels' machine guns spit forth with deadly precision from the underbrush—and when they ceased very few of the federal army were left.

The next day one could scarcely step in the road without striking a body.

A large number in the city were taken prisoner, but most of the army, taken alive, were executed.

Here I might point out why some were taken prisoners and others executed. The federal army Villa had classified into two parts—the regular federals and the "red-flag-gers."

Photographer Ansel E. Wallace closes his "Filming With Death in Mexico" series with the present episode.

He will immediately begin a new series, dealing with his adventures as International News Service's cameraman in Germany during the first year of the world war. He was one of the first American newspapermen sent into Germany, was the only man who ever interviewed Von Moltke. He dined with members of the kaiser's family and met all the important personages in Berlin during his stay of nearly a year there. He was arrested many times and had many thrilling experiences in Germany and England—but each time escaped with the peculiar luck that followed him during his exciting stay in Mexico. He will tell of his experiences there without bias or prejudice—just the way it all seemed to him when he was there in 1915, before America entered the war.

The regular federals could be distinguished by their official blue uniforms. They had to fight, and therefore Villa merely took them prisoners and then persuaded them to join his cause.

But no mercy was shown the "red-fingers" or "colorados," as they were called in Mexico.

These men had joined Huerta because they wanted to. They were regarded as equivalent to anarchists in our country. They were no uniforms and were easily detected and executed.

We entered the captured city and the pillage and thievery began. Up in Torreon Villa had an office, over which was the sign, "Bureau of Confiscation." It was really a "bureau of organized thievery," and I now found how it was kept overflowing with valuable articles.

Villa's men took everything of value—from valuable paintings in the homes and churches of Catholics—I have already remarked on their antipathy toward people of that faith—to barber chairs and parlor organs. They were loaded on trains and sent back to Torreon.

The next day we saw Villa's wagons go forth on the south road and bury the federal dead. It was simple. The bodies of a thousand or more were loaded into wagons and taken to the edge of a small cliff. Then the wagons dumped the bodies unceremoniously into a deep ravine. They wouldn't have taken this trouble had it not been necessary to open the road for travel.

This battle was the last I saw in Mexico. John W. Roberts, also representing the International News Service, but in the writing end of the game, was anxious to wire his story of the big battle back to the states. Villa refused permission, and Roberts persuaded me to go back to Torreon with him.

"I'm going to get that story through," he asserted.

In Torreon we bought many bottles of beer and besieged the little telegraph office. When the operator was sufficiently drunk we told him Villa had said to let us use the wires. So Roberts got his story through—a clean "beat" on a big story.

There was one more thrill for us. A dispatch came into Torreon, declaring that all Europe was in war—and that the Germans had taken Paris.

I became excited—and immediately decided I wanted to go to the new field of battle.

I had some film that had to go to New York, so I caught a train north to Juarez. Hiding my camera there—no cameras were allowed at Juarez, I went over to El Paso, talked with the many newspapermen there, and then wired the New York office.

Happily, I was commanded to come back to New York immediately.

So I obtained my camera—after much palavering with the American and Mexican authorities—and boarded a train to New York.

Thus ended my Mexican experiences—and began a more exciting and more extensive existence, in the world war, in which there were millions engaged where there had been only thousands in Mexico.

(THE END.)

Mexican Troop Train

Wallace Photo Shows Villa's Troops, With Women Folks, Going to Battle

5 Indiana Companies 1917 Rates Stand

JOURNAL BUREAU,
STATE CAPITAL.
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 23.—Five Hoosier utilities' rate schedules authorized early in 1917 and 1918 by the public service commission and dated to expire July 1, 1920, Tuesday were continued in effect indefinitely by the commission. The commission authorized the rates at a time when it appeared that conditions would be more nearly normal by July 1, 1920. However, it was said, conditions are no better and the rates were continued. They are:

Laporte Gas and Electric company, Laporte and Westville, electric light and power rates; Cannelton municipal plant, water and electric rates; Franklin Light and Power company, gas, water and electric rates; Oakland City Electric Light and Power company, electric light and power rates; Indiana Railways and Light company, Kokomo, steam heat in Kokomo.

M'ADOO ASKS JENKINS NOT TO USE NAME

Does Not Want to Be Placed in Nomination

NEW YORK, June 23.—William G. McAdoo today wired Burris A. Jenkins, Kansas City clergyman and newspaper publisher, requesting that his name not be suggested for the Democratic presidential nomination. The message was sent on receipt of news that Mr. Jenkins had announced Mr. McAdoo's name would be placed in nomination at San Francisco with or without his consent.

"I urgently requested Mr. Jenkins not to present my name at the convention," Mr. McAdoo said.

Bridge Across White River Is Closed

Special to The Journal.
WASHINGTON, Ind., June 23.—The wagon bridge across White river, on the Washington-Vincennes road, has been closed to traffic on instructions of the state highway commission. Due to the partial collapse of the concrete floor in the center span the structure has been deemed unsafe.

LONDON.—The Fahrenheit cabinet has collapsed owing to the majority socialists refusing to support it, according to a dispatch received here from Berlin.

Bettye Browne Her Curiosity Shop

Dear Miss Browne:
Please give me the name of Nazimova's husband.
Nazimova's husband is Charles Bryant, her leading man.

Dear Bettye Browne:
I placed all my confidence and heart with a man whom I loved and who said he loved me. We were to be married this month. The other day I received a letter from him saying that he was through with me, but preferred not to tell he why. I have not answered the letter, as I was paralyzed with the shock of it and am heart broken. Shall I insist upon a reason for his action or not? I still love him and always will, regardless of what he has done.—Jilted Maid.

Ans.: His action in writing you such a letter is contemptible. If it is possible for you to do so, remain silent, and in that way make it perfectly clear to him that his being through with you will inflict no hardship upon you. Never waste your love on a man who could be so unkind to a woman.

Dear Miss Bettye Browne:
If mother and father are separated, which has the right to hold the child until the court decides?

Ans.: Possession is law in such a case. Whichever parent has the child, and the ability to keep it, has the right to the child until the court decides.

Dear Bettye Brown:
I am 30 years old, married, and have two children. I have been separated from my husband for three years. He comes to my house to see the children. I have begged him to come back home, and promised that I would not nag him at him and would try to make his life happier than it was before. I have been a true and honest wife, even if I have a wicked temper. All he says is, "never," when I urge him to return. Now who do you think is to blame because he has not a home with his children, for I have done all I can do to get him to come back again?

WORRIED MOTHER

Ans: You have admitted your faults and asked forgiveness, and this is as far as anyone can go to effect a reconciliation. Do not ask him again to return to you, but be kind and pleasant when he calls. Devote your love and life to the welfare of the children and in this way you may win him back home again. He is as happy away from his children as you are in the absence of his love and protection.

Year After Year
The same people eat
Grape-Nu
and year by year new thousand
converted to the same good cust
Grape-Nuts is distinctive among prepared cereals in form and flavor, but chiefly because of its surpassing food value.
Grape-Nuts builds tissue for body and brain.
In this food are preserved, in easily digested form, the concentrated nourishment of all the best that wheat and malted barley can provide.
Trial shows a way to better health and sturdines
is no better breakfast food than
Grape-Nuts
"There's a Reason"
Made by POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Battle C

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THRILLS OF A WORLD WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

Inside the "Iron Ring"—Wallace Gets to Berlin, Narrowly Escaping Arrest by English as Spy

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer; Formerly International News Service's Star Photographer in Mexico and on European Battlefields. (Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 1

At the outset of my European war experiences, I unwittingly acted as an agent of Von Bernstorff, German ambassador to America and later an enemy.

But how was I to know that America would finally enter the war?

It was in October, 1914, just two months after the world war had broken out.

There being less news coming from Germany than any of the other countries, Publisher Hearst had detailed me to Germany.

So I went down to Washington and looked up Von Bernstorff to obtain passage into Germany.

The German ambassador said he was very glad I was going to his country.

"I shall do all in my power to make you as comfortable as possible there," he said. "But you must realize that my country is at war and conditions are not the same as they were in peace times."

GIVEN INTRODUCTORY LETTERS

He gave me a letter to Herr von Mueller, the German ambassador at The Hague, and another to von Mumm, head of the German foreign office, Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin.

Now if you would oblige me," he said, "I wish you would take a few letters across for my wife who is at Munich, and some of my friends."

I hesitated.

"Oh, there is nothing in them of state," he hastened to assure me.

"Well," I said, "I will take them along to New York and if the office says all right, I will take them to Germany."

He asked me to stay over another day until he got the letters ready.

I got my passport the next day, and then went to Bernstorff's office. The "few letters" had become a suitcase full, and they had the German official seal on them. Then I became really uneasy. However, I went back to my hotel, got a suitcase and packed them in.

At the New York office I inquired as to the advisability of carrying them.

The New York office likewise hesitated.

"Still, America is not at war," I was finally told. "And he has done you a service by giving you such excellent letters to his countrymen. But use your own judgment."

SETS OUT ON STEAMER

I took them along.

I sailed on the Rijndam, bound for Rotterdam. There were only five or six other passengers on board, among them United States Congressman Herman Metz from Brooklyn. He was ostensibly going over to see about the importation of dye stuffs.

For once in my life I had an uneventful voyage, though the submarine menace kept us up with our clothes on all night.

I had my first thrill off the coast of England when an English revenue cutter came alongside, quizzed us and then searched our belongings.

They closely examined an old German doctor aboard and a representative of a heating company in Chicago, but finally let them both continue the journey.

They examined my passport, and for a moment I thought they were going below and examine my trunks.

I breathed a sigh of relief when they disappeared down the side of the steamer and allowed us to continue to Rotterdam.

For about the same time, the American Archibold was found to possess German papers and letters, was arrested and narrowly escaped death as a spy.

Arriving at The Hague I immediately went to see von Mueller, who treated me cordially and gave me a letter to the civil and military authorities in Berlin. Congressman Metz said he had some business to attend to in Holland and wouldn't be in Germany for a couple of weeks.

So I went across the border.

I arrived at Benthein, where I and many others were corralled like cattle and run past the inspecting officers. All the rest were searched. The officers merely looked over my passports, saw I was carrying correspondence bearing the German seal and allowed me to pass through unmolested. I felt important.

Only one German officer acted disagreeable. He called me a long German name. I was insulted, until someone explained to me that he had merely said I was a "war correspondent."

Though everyone was extremely busy and the frenzied movement of arms, supplies and soldiers was all about us, the authorities treated me very decently. They helped me carry some of my bundles and guided me to the train.

A few hours later, however, I ceased thanking them for their aid. I found myself in Cologne—going down to the western front. I was not even going in the direction of Berlin.

I finally found a conductor who understood English and he put me on a train going back. It was a troop train, carrying wounded back from the French front to Berlin.

Then I got my first glimpse of war time and I was moved. I couldn't help looking back on troops' trains I had ridden in Mexico, where the women took care of the soldiers and cooked their meals; where all was chaos and uncertainty. Here it was different. Soldiers rode in good trains; and I rode inside a coach instead of on top of a box car.

We went through pretty little

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)

Ansel Wallace (second from right) of Evansville International News Service's photographer, as he started in October, 1914, from New York on the Rijndam for Germany. U. S. Congressman Herman Metz, his companion, is standing next to him on the left. The others were Americans of German extraction.

GIRL DIES AFTER CHILD QUARREL

Was Struck With a Ten Pin, Coroner Probe Develops

A blow delivered by her playmate resulted in the death Friday morning of Bessie Cabell, 5 years old, colored, it developed at a coroner's inquest Saturday.

Bessie is the daughter of Mrs. Matilda Cabell, 719 Cherry street.

Walter Thomas, 6, colored, and Bessie were inmates of the Colored Day Nursery, 906 South Governor street. The children were said to have quarreled while at play Tuesday and the boy, seizing a ten-pin, struck the girl with it. While she was on the ground he is alleged to have jabbed the ten-pin into her mouth, injuring her throat. Infection set in from which the girl died three days later, according to the report.

She was buried Saturday morning.

D'Olier, Legion Commander, Here

Franklin D'Olier, national commander of the American Legion, will be in Evansville Sunday accompanied by Mrs. D'Olier, according to a dispatch from Indianapolis. He visitted department headquarters in Louisville, Ky. and Nashville, Tenn. He will be in Vincennes Monday in order to address the state convention there, where Cavins Baughman of Evansville will in all probabilities be elected state adjutant, and from Vincennes will proceed to Indianapolis to inspect the department headquarters.

To Tell Delaware's Population Monday

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The population of Delaware, the first state whose total has been compiled, will be announced at 10:30 o'clock Monday morning. In the thirteenth census, ten years ago, Rhode Island was the state whose total population was the first announced.

The Weather

INDIANA: Partly cloudy Sunday and Monday; probably local showers in extreme north; not much change in temperature.

KENTUCKY: Fair Sunday and probably Monday; not much change in temperature.

WEATHER FOR WEEK

WASHINGTON, June 26.—Weather predictions for the week beginning Monday include:

Ohio Valley and region of Great Lakes: Local showers first half; latter half generally fair; normal temperature.

HOURLY TEMPERATURES

	Degrees.		Degrees.
8 a.m.	69	12 noon	84
4 a.m.	66	2 p.m.	86
6 a.m.	64	4 p.m.	87
8 a.m.	72	6 p.m.	86
10 a.m.	80		

Highest temperature today, 87.
Lowest temperature today, 64.
River stage at 7 a.m., 19.1 feet.
Local record for a year ago this day: Temperature—Highest, 86 degrees; lowest, 75 degrees. Precipitation, 0. River at 7 a.m., 23.5 feet.
Sunrise Sunday, 4:39 a.m.; sunset Sunday, 7:17 p.m.

BAUGHMAN AND BOXING, MAIN PLANKS ASKED

Local Post Hopes to Put Both Over at Convention

Cavins Baughman for state adjutant and the legalization of boxing in the state are the two planks in the program of the Funkhouser post's delegation to the state American legion convention at Vincennes Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Louis L. Robertts, head of the Evansville delegation, will nominate Baughman and present a resolution asking the legislature to permit boxing.

Those that were to leave for Vincennes Sunday morning on the special car are: A. C. Stone, Morris Levi, Otto Holtman, Harold Kraft, Richard Walker, Carl Pleak, Herman Hollman, Louis Ichenhauser, Fred Kost, Cavins Baughman, Fred Osing, Elmer Traylor, Arthur Sanders, Roscoe Leach, Lawrence Mossmine, Walter Wiggers, Almira Saupert, Ivan Loer, Henry Michel and A. P. Madison.

Dr. Stephen F. French, post physical director, was to take the legion ball team, which will play the Vincennes post team Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. The team includes: Coudret, Brown, Endeling, Huber, A. Gerst, V. Gerst, Michael, Later, Hicks, Zieg, Schneider, Hitch, Bryson and Sanders. Umpire Suthelmer will umpire the games.

HARDING'S COUSIN, A DEMO, IS FOR HIM

M. E. Harding, Vendome hotel clerk, is a fourth cousin of Warren G's. "I'm a Democrat," he said, "but I'll vote for my cousin if the Democrats nominate a Bryanite or a Wilsonite."

Better Understanding of State Tax Laws

W. C. Nuhsam, special field agent of the State Board of Accounts, was in Evansville Saturday to appear before the Board of Review at the court house. He said that corporations and individuals showed a better understanding of the tax laws this year than before.

Objections to the board's schedules may be filed with the county auditor from July 6 to 15. A day for hearing objections will be set.

Farmers Seek to End Car Shortage

The Vanderburgh county farmers' federation will be represented at a meeting at Indianapolis Monday morning which has been called to discuss means of relieving the railway car shortage. Representatives of railroads, grain men and public utilities corporations will attend.

County Agent McCarty will probably attend the meeting.

Workman Injured in Fall From Tipple

Special to The Journal.

HENDERSON, Ky., June 26.—John Raymond, employe of Kleinhorst Coal Company, was probably fatally injured today when he fell from the tipple. His right jaw was broken in two places and it is believed he suffered concussion of the brain. He was removed to a hospital.

LEAVE SUNDAY TO SERVE SENTENCE

Defendants in Whisky Conspiracy Trial Going to Indianapolis

Defendants in the Evansville whisky conspiracy case leave Sunday night for Indianapolis where they will begin sentences ranging from thirty days to six months in the Marion county jail.

The cases of Detectives Trautwein and Fuchs, Motorcycle Officer Perrett, Former Motorcycle Officer Herb Evans and Captain Friedle were taken under advisement by Judge Anderson.

TO APPEAL.

Fred Ossenberg, Republican leader, will not serve sentence. He will appeal his case to the supreme court.

The following men will serve sentence, starting Monday:

Otto Klein, six months.
John Miller, three months.
Herman Steinhilber, six months.
Henry Delg, six months.
John Arnold, sixty days.
Joseph Barnes, sixty days.
David Wolf, sixty days.
Louis Heberer, six months.
George Peters, three months.
Charles Silber, six months.
Matt Ohlinger, three months.
Gustav Nuebling, six months.
Ernest Reiger, three months.
Rube Becker, three months.
Charles J. Klein, six months.
Sol Cohn, three months.
Gilbert Roy, three months.
George Schnarr, three months.
Lloyd Buttermore, three months.
Amos Riggs, six months.
Fred Haffendorfer, six months.

Edinburgh, Scotland, Gets Rotary Meet

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., June 26.—Edinburgh, Scotland, was tentatively selected for the 1921 convention of the International Association of Rotary at a meeting of the directors of that organization today.

William Logie of Glasgow, chairman of the delegation from the British Association of Rotary clubs, was informed that Edinburgh will be formally accepted at a meeting of the board in Chicago in August, provided it is assured that satisfactory transportation can be provided for fully 2,000 delegates.

Search Rockefeller Estate For Convict

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., June 26.—The estate of John D. Rockefeller at Pocantico Hills was surrounded by armed guards tonight while a posse of state troops and attendants from the Westchester county penitentiary with two bloodhounds searched the grounds for Frank McCord, a prisoner who escaped last night. A penitentiary guard reported he saw McCord enter the Rockefeller estate but the attendants were unable to find him in the grounds.

ESTATE OF $63,000

Charles M. Johnson Saturday filed letters of administration of the estate of the late Susan Z. Johnston, deceased. The estate is valued at $4,500 in personal property, and $58,500 of real estate. A bond of $9,000 was filed to cover the personal property.

MAX ROBINSON JOINS COLLEGE

Akron University Man to Head Engineering Department

A telegram was received by The Journal Saturday night from President A. F. Hughes of Evansville College, that Max V. Robinson of Akron University had been definitely accepted as the head of the new department of engineering to be inaugurated in the college next September.

Robinson was here a few weeks ago to apply for the job and created a favorable impression among the members of the board of trustees and two weeks ago it was definitely decided to offer him the position. Hughes' telegram said he had accepted.

The course is to be modeled after that in vogue in the University of Cincinnati, two boys working together, one at school and one in practical factory work for two weeks and vice versa.

Lawyer Sane, to Be Arraigned Monday

DETROIT, Mich., June 26.—Frank H. Dohany, prominent attorney and bank director, who is charged with the murder last Tuesday of August Dwyer, an auditor of the United Mine Workers, is sane and will be arraigned Monday, the assistant prosecuting attorney announced late today. An alienist who has had Dohany under observation reported today, according to the prosecutor, that the attorney had displayed no physical nor mental ailment that would prevent the usual procedure.

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FEW CROPS TO BE NORMAL HERE

Only 50 Percent Wheat Crop and Poor Hay Are Predicted for Vanderburgh County

Owing to bad weather and other adverse conditions crops in Vanderburgh county will but in few instances reach normal this year.

Already local farmers are predicting that the wheat crop will only be 50 per cent of the normal yield.

Bad weather last fall, the repeated thawing and freezing in the late winter, and the Hessian fly is blamed for the present condition of the wheat. Most of the grain on the hill tops was "winter frozen."

"I have never seen the Hessian fly as bad as it is in Vanderburgh county this year," said County Agent McCarty Saturday. "They account for much of the fallen wheat. 'Scab,' too, is attacking the grain here."

HAY NOT GOOD

Hay is not up to normal either. "The area of hay is not as large as usual," said Jake Aleon, president of the farm improvement association. "There is a little more 'white top' mixed in it than usual."

The acreage of timothy is unusually small.

"The acreage of timothy is the smallest I have ever seen in Vanderburgh county," continued Aleon. "Clover looks pretty good, though."

Oats and alfalfa crops will also be far below normal, farmers say.

In the bottoms it is estimated that only two-thirds of the normal corn crop was plated this year.

THRILLS OF A PHOTOGRAPHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

towns, and at every stop German Red Cross girls came aboard and gave coffee to all the soldiers.

It was night and I could see very little of the surrounding country.

I had to change trains at Essen and laid over there for an hour.

There I experienced the thrill of one who saw for the first time the great Krupp fire arms plant, in full blast, in night-time.

A portion of it stretched up to within a couple of blocks of the station. As far as I could see were thousands of lights, and great dark factory buildings, whose stacks belched forth flame into the pitchy night. Above all was the great roar of machinery. The factories were working night and day to supply the millions way down on the battle fronts who lay in trenches striving to turn back the English and French tide.

I watched for an hour or so trying to visualize all the processes of the steel and explosives changing form in that plant and the havoc they would create.

It inspired the greatest awe—this immense factory of death.

The next morning I arrived in Berlin and registered at the Hotel Adlong.

I visited von Mumm at the German foreign office and he seemed glad to see me.

"However, you must stay about your hotel for a few days until we arrange matters," he said.

FREEDOM OF ALL FRONTS

I told him that I wanted not only permission to go about in Germany as I pleased, but wanted freedom of all fronts.

"That will take some arrangements and time," he said.

I was a long time getting through my request. They were so slow. They investigated all my past life, and even sent queries to my home in Evansville.

On one occasion, disgusted, I packed up my traps and went to the station, declaring I would leave Germany and go to some other country where I would be permitted to film the fighting. This brought some action. The authorities begged me to return and declared I would not have to wait longer.

Berlin at this time was a gay city. From what I read, I had supposed everyone would be in uniform. However, though the city was filled with soldiers, they were by no means in the majority. There were many young men in civilian clothes.

All theaters were open and at the Admiral's palace I saw Charlotte, the celebrated ice skater, who made such a hit later in the United States. There were beautiful ballets and plenty of liquor and seemingly plenty of food. The Flidermouse, the big cafe, was filled to overflowing with joyous crowds, mostly officers.

Bread cards were not issued until two months later and it was not until then that Berlin became subdued by the tragedy of losses and the gravity of the war.

That first week or two in Berlin was an interesting one. This was my first big war—like a great many others.

I had a morbid interest in the ministry of war in Berlin.

Around the four sides of this big building were posted the lists of dead. All day long and far into the night mothers and fathers and relatives of fighting men were gathered about it perusing the long lists, walking entirely around the building in their search for the name of a loved one. Every few moments there would be a cry from the crowd and an aged woman would stagger out and fall fainting on the sidewalk.

Most of them, however, would merely come out, wipe away tears and walk stolidly to their saddened homes.

My rest in Berlin was soon interrupted and I started in filming the horrors of the war.

(CONTINUED TOMRROW.)

Garden Tools, Shovels, Spades, Spading Forks, Ditching Tools, Rakes, Hoes, Cultivators, Garden Trowels, Pruning and Hedge Shears, Grade Hooks and Shears, Lawn Mowers, Sprayers, Wheelbarrows, etc., Grass, Flower and Vegetable Seeds. Prices right. Fred P. Straub & Co., Hardware Dealers, 224 Main street.—Adv.

Elks to Initiate 17 Here on June 30

Elks will initiate seventeen on June 30. They are O. H. Olsen, W. R. Hammond, Arnold Howard, W. G. Hobgood, Edgar Iglehart, F. A. Lanoux, L. L. Leberer, R. C. Lowe, Edwin T. McNeely, Robert McGill, C. L. Bettag, Ralph Stevens, James Sullivan, Walter Dautel, Walter Daudistel, Ed Friese and Charles Herron.

RIGHT place, right time and at the right prices. Self-sharpening lawn mowers, grass catchers, grass hooks and shears, pruning shears and hedge shears, screen doors, window screens and screen wire, all sizes. Ice cream freezers, ice tools, water coolers, etc. Fred P. Straub & Co., 224 Main street.

CENSUS FIGURES.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—Omaha, Neb., 191,601; Butte, Mont., 41,611. Increases: Omaha, 67,105, or 54.4 percent; Butte, 2,440, or 6.2 percent.

Mannington, W. Va., 3,673; increase 1,001, or 37.5 percent.

Shvannah, Ga., 82,667; increase 17,603, or 27.1 percent.

Summitt, N. J., 10,174; increase 2,674, or 35.7 percent.

SHIP IN NO DANGER

BOSTON, Mass., June 26.—The steamer Lewiston, bound from Baltimore for Cherbourg in wireless messages intercepted here today reported that she was leaking badly and in need of assistance about 350 miles east of New York but later in reply to inquiries from the steamers Tuckanuck and Effna she said she was no longer in danger.

DEFEATS THE "DUKE"

ALAMEDA, Cal., June 26.—Ludy Laurer of the Hawaiian Association proved the "dark horse" of the Olympic games swimming trial at Neptune Beach today, defeating Duke Kahanamoku in the 400-meter free style event for men. His time was 5 minutes, 22 seconds.

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Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Breaks Loose "Within the Iron Ring" and the Kaiser's Sister Aids Him.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

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EPISODE NO. 2

I grew impatient in Berlin at the delay of the German foreign office in giving me carte blanche to all battle-fronts and points of interest in Germany.

I wandered all over Berlin taking in the sights but after a couple of weeks even the pleasures there became irksome. I had come to get action pictures of the war.

I made another trip over to the foreign office and told the officials so.

"I am going to pack up and leave Germany. I will go to the French or English fronts," I told them.

They assured me everything would be arranged.

But some newspaper men at the Hotel Adlon told me I would stand just as much chance of getting the kaiser's throne as the kind of pass I was asking.

INVITED TO FRANKFORT

Then I got a message from Congressman Herman Metz, from New York who was at Franfort-on-Main. He asked me to come there, and my friends advising me to get away as far as possible from German officials, I accepted the invitation.

The whole atmosphere seemed changed at Frankfort. Everyone seemed glad to see me. I was given every courtesy. I was away, you see, from Berlin red tape and officialdom, and Frankfort was a wonderful city.

There Congressman Metz, who a likable man, introduced me to Prince Frederich Karl and his wife. The princess was the kaiser's youngest sister.

I took pictures of them and the princess became very interested in my welfare. She bore a close resemblance to the kaiser.

"I shall write immediately to my brother," she said, "and tell him you must be taken care of. I cannot understand the delay."

She spoke excellent English.

SHE HATED ENGLISH

Every little while in the conversation she displayed her utter hatred of Great Britain.

"Oh why did they want to get in this war!" was the burden of her plaint.

There was fatalism in her voice. It appeared that she realized, even at this, the outbreak of the war, the Germans were trying to do the impossible.

But she became enthusiastic over my proposal to film "the wonderful" troops of the Germans in action.

"I will arrange everything," she said, "and immediately."

She was true to her word.

There was a large barracks at Frankfort and a great level field for maneuvers.

The princess gave orders that a platform be built for my camera, after I had explained that it must be firm enough to prevent the slightest jar.

THAT PLATFORM

It was firm enough. A battleship could have been dropped on it without jarring it. A bomb would not have dislodged it. The Germans, with their usual thoroughness, had built it as carefully as they would a bridge and braced it securely. They used giant timber and a great platform and I felt foolish when little I and my camera mounted it.

Fifteen thousand of the best troops of the German army were placed at my disposal.

The officer in charge first put them through all the maneuvers of warfare—charging, crawling, bayonetting, digging under cover and the like. He had told me that for as long as I wished I would be in command. I gave orders and his troops obeyed.

Finally, I told him I wanted to put the big punch in the pictures.

THE BIG PUNCH!

I told him I wanted the 14,000 troops to get at the far end of the field and then make a lightning charge on me.

The army retired far away and then at the signal made the charge, bayonets gleaming murderously.

It was terrific; thrilling. Fourteen thousand men, to all serious, running towards one! I nearly forgot to turn my movie crank while I was realizing how the enemy in the west front must have felt when such a horde swept down unexpectedly.

I was vastly pleased with the picture.

The princess also was glad I had taken it; glad that America would have an opportunity to see the troops in action, and she promised she would do all in her power to see I was given every courtesy. Through her, many influential Germans wrote to the war ministry in Berlin asking that I be given the passes I sought.

METZ CONVOYED FILM

I took many other pictures about Frankfort. I was not molested there and everyone seemed anxious to help me.

Congressman Metz took the film of 14,000 troops back to America. He told me he was through his business in Germany and would be glad to do me the favor.

So I "canned" the film and put the titles in the box. He put it in the bottom of his trunk. At Rotterdam he cabled he had got through safely and I wired the New York office to meet him.

"Great" was the cheering word I received later for my pains in taking the picture.

Then I went back to Berlin to fight with the foreign office for my passes.

Largest stock of good used cars. All makes and prices.
"Sold on Honor" and on terms.
Fellwock's Used Car Mart
OPP. COURT HOUSE

ARRESTS RESENTED.

Labor officials resented the arrests Wednesday.

"I don't know what can be the matter with the city officials," said Memmer. "Many of the men went overseas for liberty and they at least ought to be permitted to walk the streets in freedom."

Another labor official said:

"We are going to carry on the strike as law-abiding citizens and will remain out until next year, if necessary to win the strike.

"There is no danger of any trouble. The strikers are educated. They cannot be stirred up to start any 'rough stuff.'"

Acting Police Chief Ira Wiltshire reported Wednesday that the pickets were causing no trouble.

"Never was quieter," he said.

Two furniture factories, Crescent and Wemyss, were working with increased forces. No new factories opened Wednesday.

ville, farmer, to Eli Brown, 26, Wadesville.

Hobart C. Ruston, 22 to Lorraine Bitter, 19.

Oscar E. Burk, 38, Fo orator, to Lillian Ogdo ville.

John Hestand, 22, city keeper to Georgie Lau city.

NOT FATALLY I

Howard Dweese of and James Hill of Cha were injured Tuesday a a collision of an E., S. & car into a passenger sar east of Garvin station o ville traction line, will b hospital in a day or tw

BENEZET SPE

Superintendent L. was in Indianapolis We address Blaker's teache school.

Some of Railr Embargoes

PHILADELPHIA, Pa —The Pennsylvania rai today certain of the en cently placed on freight. situation as regards the men at work was repo unchanged.

Safe Milk for INFANTS & IN
Horlicks Malted Milk
For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children
The Original Food-Drink For All Ages
Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extra
No Cooking—Nourishing

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Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Sees English Prisoners Kick About Black Bread Like a Football.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 3

After visiting Prince and Princess Friedrich Karl in Frankfort-on-Main, I found the atmosphere of Berlin changed. I was treated with utmost cordiality, the letters my friends had sent had their effect.

I was assured my passes would be ready within a few days. In the meantime I visited every prison camp in a wide radius from Berlin.

The camps were filled with Britishers and Frenchman. Some of the Englishmen seemed indignant at the black bread which the Germans gave them to eat.

At one camp their treatment of it was humorous, likewise their treatment by the German officers.

When given hunks of black bread the English would take it out on a big lot, pretend it was a football and boot it about. They refused to eat it.

THEY ATE IT

The German officer in charge the next day worked them hard all day —and then failed to give them any black bread that night.

The next morning he presented more loaves of black bread. It again was used as a football.

The German officer repeated his condition.

The next day the Englishmen ate the black bread.

At one camp the German officers said they wanted me to attest a statement made by an English officer to be used as propaganda.

He was Col. W. E. Gordon commander of the Gordon Highlanders. He had been captured in the battle of Mons.

He had made a statement to the Germans that the reason he had given up was that his men were out of ammunition and he had not regarded the ammunition which the English had given him as ethical in modern warfare.

The Germans had made him sign a statement to that effect and called me in, along with some other men, to attest it.

Gordon was a tall Scotchman, a soldierly-looking man.

I looked him straight in the eye and asked him whether or not he had signed the statement.

He hesitated, then said, in a low voice:

"Yes."

But his eyes looked at me strangely for a second. His eyes said "No" even if his mouth said yes.

I turned to the German officers and asked:

"May I talk to the colonel alone for a few moments?"

"Nein," was the response.

I examined the bullets in question, but I couldn't tell whether they were dum-dum bullets or not.

The Germans asked me to send a dispatch containing Gordon's statement, and as I was at the point of obtaining a very big favor from the Germans, I did so.

But I enclosed a "joker" in the message, to inform the office that the statement was a fake.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

ROYALTY AIDS WALLACE

—Photo by Wallace.

Prince Frederick Karl and the Princess, youngest sister of the Kaiser.

ADMINISTRATION PLANK ALTERED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

On the prohibition issue the subcommittee made no recommendation and a big grist of proposed wet and dry proposals were offered, with Mr. Bryan leading the drys in a determined crusade to keep the party from making a wet declaration or remaining silent on the prohibition issue.

The Irish plank submitted by the sub-committee reiterated in general terms President Wilson's principle of self determination, expressed sympathy for the aspirations of the Irish people and suggested that the Irish problem could be legitimately brought later before the league of nations. That is unsatisfactory to some of the committee members, who are making a fight for a plank pledging the party to recognize the Irish republic.

MARSHALL, CRITIC

In the treaty debate Vice-President Marshall was reported to have criticized the administration plank because it gave no information to the public regarding what reservations would fall within the class described as not impairing the covenant's essential integrity.

Mr. Marshall was said to have declared that he would rather go to the country with a plank for unqualified ratification than be asked to define indestructive reservations.

BRYAN PLANK

William J. Bryan's prohibition plank, around which today's fight in the platform committee is centering, reads as follows:

"We heartily congratulate the Democratic party on its splendid leadership in the submission and ratification of the prohibition amendment to the Federal constitution and we pledge the party to the effective enforcement of the Volstead law honestly and in good faith, without any increase in the alcholic content of permitted beverages and without any weakening of any other

throbbed the melody of the martial air in accompaniment.

JOIN CHORUS

The judge recited the first stanza while the organ trembled out its melodious strains and then coming to the chorus turned his eyes to a far gallery where a clear toned soprano rang out with the refrain beginning softly at first, and then joining in the peal of the organ as it burst out into the mighty thunder of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

Then the audience joined in the rolling chorus and the great auditorium was filled to the very roof with song.

It was an impressive rendition which pulled at the heart strings and aroused the fire of patriotism in every heart. At the conclusion of the singing, the secretary of the convention continued the roll call of states for nominating speeches.

New Mexico, first on the call, simply seconded the nomination of William G. McAdoo, it was the signal for a demonstration but did not last long.

Small's Creditors to Meet on Friday

A meeting of the ninety creditors of the W. H. Small Seed company has been called for 10 a.m. Friday at the Mercantile Commercial bank when a statement of conditions of the Small company will be read.

The W. H. Small company has deeded all its property, amounting to approximately $1,800,000, to the Mercantile Commercial bank for the benefit of its creditors. The Mercantile Commercial bank is not a creditor.

Indebtedness of the company is estimated at $1,500,000, considerably less than the resources.

Food Drafts Daily Sent to Germany

Food drafts are being sent almost daily by Evansville persons to relatives in Germany. A prominent business man Thursday sent $300 worth of food to an aunt in Berlin. The drafts, made out upon a local bank, entitle the aunt to $300 worth of foods from the American Relief Association in Berlin.

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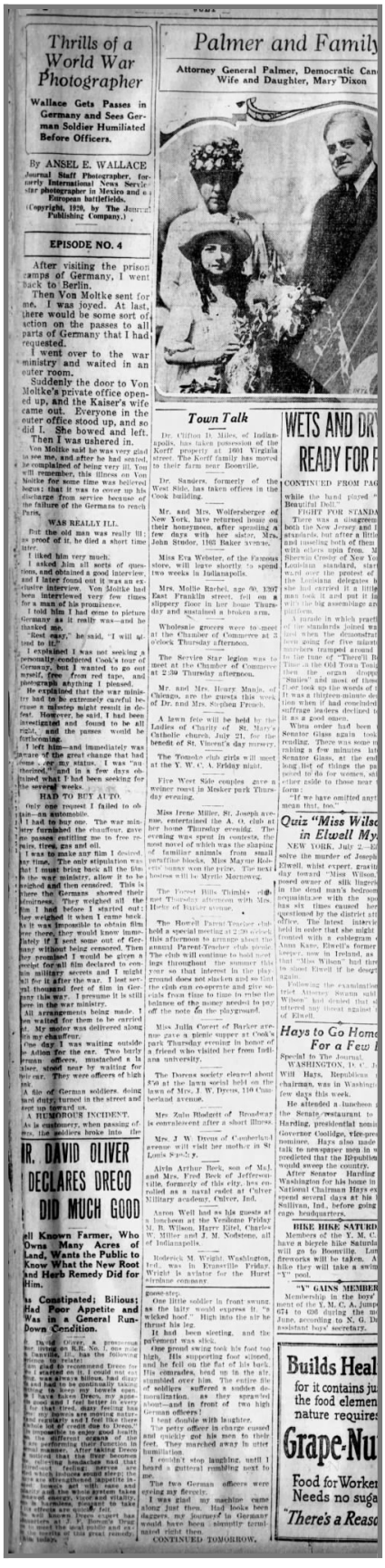

Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Gets Passes in Germany and Sees German Soldier Humiliated Before Officers.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE
Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.
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EPISODE NO. 4

After visiting the prison camps of Germany, I went back to Berlin.

Then Von Moltke sent for me. I was joyed. At last, there would be some sort of action on the passes to all parts of Germany that I had requested.

I went over to the war ministry and waited in an outer room.

Suddenly the door to Von Moltke's private office opened up, and the Kaiser's wife came out. Everyone in the outer office stood up, and so did I. She bowed and left.

Then I was ushered in.

Von Moltke said he was very glad to see me, and after he had seated, he complained of being very ill. You will remember, this illness on Von Moltke for some time was believed bogus; that it was to cover up his discharge from service because of the failure of the Germans to reach Paris.

WAS REALLY ILL.

But the old man was really ill; as proof of it, he died a short time later.

I liked him very much.

I asked him all sorts of questions, and obtained a good interview, and I later found out it was an exclusive interview. Von Moltke had been interviewed very few times for a man of his prominence.

I told him I had come to picture Germany as it really was—and he thanked me.

"Rest easy," he said, "I will attend to it."

I explained I was not seeking a personally conducted Cook's tour of Germany, but I wanted to go out myself, free from red tape, and photograph anything I pleased.

He explained that the war ministry had to be extremely careful because a leakage might result in defeat. However, he said, I had been investigated and found to be all right, and the passes would be forthcoming.

I left him—and immediately was aware of the great change that had come over my status. I was "in the herd," and in a few days obtained what I had been seeking for the several weeks.

HAD TO BUY AUTO.

Only one request I failed to obtain—an automobile.

I had to buy one. The war ministry furnished the chauffeur, gave me passes entitling me to free repairs, tires, gas and oil.

I was to make my film I desired, any time. The only stipulation was that I must bring back all the film to the war ministry, allow it to be weighed and then censored. This is where the Germans showed their shrewdness. They weighed all the film I had before I started out; they weighed it when I came back. As it was impossible to obtain film over there, they would know immediately if I sent some out of Germany without being censored. Then they promised I would be given a permit for all film declared to contain military secrets and I might sell for it after the war. I lost several thousand feet of film in Germany this way. I presume it is still there in the war ministry.

All arrangements being made, I was waited for them to be carried out. My motor was delivered along with my chauffeur.

One day I was waiting outside the Adlon for the car. Two burly German officers, mustached a la Kaiser, stood near by waiting for their car. They were officers of high rank.

A file of German soldiers, doing guard duty, turned in the street and came up toward us.

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT.

As is customary, when passing officers, the soldiers broke into the

R. DAVID OLIVER DECLARES DRECO DID MUCH GOOD

ell Known Farmer, Who Owns Many Acres of Land, Wants the Public to Know What the New Root and Herb Remedy Did for Him.

s Constipated; Bilious; Had Poor Appetite and Was in a General Run-Down Condition.

David Oliver, a prosperous farmer, living on R.R. No. 7, one mile Dunreith, Ind., has the following statement to relate:

"I am glad to recommend Dreco for I started on it, I could not eat thing, was always bilious, had diarrhea and had to be continually taking something to keep my bowels open. Now I have taken Dreco, my appetite is good and I feel better in every way, for that tired, dizzy feeling has left me, my bowels are moving naturally and regularly and I feel like there is a lot of credit due to Dreco." It is impossible to enjoy good health when the different organs of the body are performing their functions irregularly. After taking Dreco I noticed that the floor becomes [illegible] relieving headaches and that tired-out feeling; nerves are [illegible] which induces sound sleep; the eyes are strengthened appetite increased, bowels act with ease and health and the whole system takes on renewed energy, vigor and vitality. Dreco is harmless, pleasant to take and its effects are quick to be felt. Its well known Dreco expert has [illegible] at J. F. Bosse's Drug Store to meet the local public and explain the merits of this great remedy. [illegible] today.

Palmer and Family

Attorney General Palmer, Democratic Candidate for President, Wife and Daughter, Mary Dixon

Town Talk

Dr. Clifton D. Miles, of Indianapolis, has taken possession of the Korff property at 1001 Virginia street. The Korff family has moved to their farm near Boonville.

Dr. Sanders, formerly of the West Side, has taken offices in the Cook building.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolfersberger of New York, have returned home on their honeymoon, after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. John Studor, 1103 Baker avenue.

Miss Eva Webster, of the Famous store, will leave shortly to spend two weeks in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Mollie Rachel, age 60, 1307 East Franklin street, fell on a slippery floor in her home Thursday and sustained a broken arm.

Wholesale grocers were to meet at the Chamber of Commerce at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

The Service Star legion was to meet at the Chamber of Commerce at 2:30 Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Manjo, of Chicago, are the guests this week of Dr. and Mrs. Stephen French.

A lawn fete will be held by the Ladies of Charity of St. Mary's Catholic church, July 21, for the benefit of St. Vincent's day nursery.

The Tomeke club girls will meet at the Y. W. C. A. Friday night.

Five West Side couples gave a weiner roast in Mesker park Thursday evening.

Miss Irene Miller, St. Joseph avenue, entertained the A. O. club at her home Thursday evening. The evening was spent in contests, the most novel of which was the slapping of familiar animals from small campfire blocks. Miss Mayme Rodenberg won the prize. The next hostess will be Myrtle Morneweg.

The Forest Hills Thimble club met Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Herbert Baxter avenue.

The Howell Parent-Teacher club held a special meeting at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon to arrange about the annual Parent-Teacher club picnic. The club will continue to hold meetings throughout the summer this year so that interest in the playground does not slacken and so that the club can cooperate and give socials from time to time to raise the balance of the money needed to pay off the note on the playground.

Miss Julia Corret of Barker avenue gave a picnic supper at Cook's park Thursday evening in honor of a friend who visited her from Indiana university.

The Dorcas society cleared about $50 at the lawn social held on the lawn of Mrs. J. W. Dyess, 110 Cumberland avenue.

Mrs. Zula Blodgett of Broadway is convalescent after a short illness.

Mrs. J. W. Dress of Cumberland avenue will visit her mother in St Louis Saturday.

Alvin Arthur Beck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beck of Jeffersonville, formerly of this city, has enrolled as a naval cadet at Culver Military academy, Culver, Ind.

Aaron Weil had as his guests at a luncheon at the Vendome Friday M. B. Wilson, Harry Eitel, Charles W. Miller and J. M. Nodstone, all of Indianapolis.

Roderick M. Wright, Washington, Ind., was in Evansville Friday. Wright is aviator for the Hurst airplane company.

goose-step.

One little soldier in front swung as the latter would express it, "a wicked hoof." High into the air he thrust his leg.

It had been sleeting, and the pavement was slick.

One proud swing took his foot too high. His supporting foot slipped, and he fell on the flat of his back. His comrades, head up in the air, stumbled over him. The entire file of soldiers suffered a sudden demoralization, as they sprawled about—and in front of two high German officers!

I beat double with laughter. The petty officer in charge cursed and quickly got his men to their feet. They marched away in utter humiliation.

I couldn't stop laughing, until I heard a guttural rumbling next to me.

The two German officers were eyeing my fiercely.

I was glad my machine came along just then. Had looks been daggers, my Journal in Germany would have been promptly terminated right then.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

WETS AND DR READY FOR F

CONTINUED FROM PAG

while the band played "
Beautiful Doll."

FIGHT FOR STANDA

There was a disagreem
both the New Jersey and I
standards, but after a little
and jousting both of them
with others upin from. M
Sherwin Crosby of New Yo
Louisiana standard, star
ward over the protest of
the Louisiana delegates b
she had carried it a little
man took it and put it in
with the big assemblage ar
platform.

A parade in which practi
of the standards joined wa
final when the demonstrat
been going for five minut
marchers tramped around
to the tune of "There'll Be
Time in the Old Town Tonig
then the organ droppe
"Smiles" and most of those
floor took up the words of t
It was a fifteen-minute de
tion when if had concluded
suffrage leaders declined to
it as a good omen.

When order had been r
Senator Glass again took
reading. There was some re
mbling a few minutes lat
Senator Glass, at the end
long list of things the pa
posed to do for women, sh
other guide to those near
form:

"If we have omitted anyt
mean that, too."

Quiz "Miss Wilso in Elwell My

NEW YORK, July 2.—Ef
solve the murder of Joseph
Elwell, whist expert, gravit
day toward "Miss Wilson,"
posed owner of silk lingeri
in the dead man's bedroom
acquaintance with the spo
has sit times caused her
questioned by the district att
office. The latest interviev
held in order that she might
fronted with a subpoena c
Ann Kane, Elwell's former
keeper, now in Ireland, as
that "Miss Wilson" had thre
to shoot Elwell if he dowr
again.

Following the examination
trict Attorney Swann said
Wilson" had denied that s
uttered any threat against
of Elwell.

Hays to Go Home For a Few

Special to The Journal.

WASHINGTON, D. C., J
Will Hays, Republican n
chairman, was in Washingt
few days this week.

He attended a luncheon
the Senate restaurant, to
Harding, presidential nomi
Governor Coolidge, vice-pre
nominee. Hays also made
talk to newspaper men in w
predicted that the REpublica
would sweep the country.

After Senator Harding
Washington for his home in
National Chairman Hays ex
spend several days at his h
Sullivan, Ind., before going
rago headquarters.

BIKE HIKE SATURD

Members of the Y. M. C.
have a bicycle hike Saturda
will go to Boonville. Lun
fireworks will be taken. A
hike they will take a swim
"Y" pool.

"Y" GAINS MEMBER

Membership in the boys'
ment of the Y. M. C. A. jump
574 to 626 during the mo
June, according to N. G. D
assistant boys' secretary.

Builds Heal
for it contains ju
the food elemen
nature requires
Grape-Nu
Food for Worker
Needs no suga
"There's a Reas

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Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Meets Von Hindenberg and Hears of Gruesome Battle in Which 40,000 Russians Met Death.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE
Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service staff photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.
(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 5

Photographer Wallace shown here with German staff officers in East Prussia, while filming Russian fighting.

All arrangements being made for my filming of Germany, I left Berlin. My first destination was Posen, in eastern Germany, where the great von Hindenberg had his headquarters.

My chauffeur and the auto were boarded on a flat car while I took a coach.

I had a pass for everything—pockets filled with them. They were for gasoline, oil, repairs, identification, army camps, moving picture camera, "still" camera, and other purposes, less conceivable.

I had just stepped off the train at Posen when I was placed under arrest. The soldiers would not look at my passes, but pushed me into the railroad station, where I sat most of the night. When I got up to stretch my cramped bones, I was immediately ordered down again.

When it was nearly daylight, a handsome young German officer came in the station. Frantic, I accosted him and forced him to read my passes.

AT LAST FREED

I was exceedingly angry.

I was told I had a pass for everything—and here I am only a few hours from Berlin, and under arrest.

When he read the passes, the young officer likewise became angry.

He called in the German guard and scathingly rebuked them.

"What do you want—a personal letter from the kaiser?" he asked them. "This man has about everything else."

Then he directed me to Hauptman Franz, a member of Von Hindenburg's staff, who he said would take care of me.

I looked closely at the young officer and told him he looked like a Frenchman.

"I am," he said. "My name is De La Croix." He then explained his family had been banished from France during the revolution and he was now fighting with the country of his adoption.

The auto was ordered off the train, and La Croix escorted me to the hotel. He told me to come to the castle at 11 o'clock, and there I would meet Von Hindenburg.

OLDER THAN I THOUGHT

Hindenburg was much older than I suspected from seeing his pictures, but he was a "cocky" old gentleman, saucy-looking with florid cheeks.

Like the others, he said, he was glad to see me and told me I would be able to get about all the photographs I wanted.

He suggested that I go to Allenstein, one of the furthermost points in East Prussia, where the Germans were attempting to hold back the Russian hordes, which had swept over into Prussia.

That night I left by train, going in a northeasterly direction.

It grew frightfully cold during the night, and the wind, as we neared the frontier town, became so strong that I expected the train at any time to be blown off the tracks.

Imagine my dismay, therefore, when I, the solitary passenger, was let off at the Allenstein junction—alone, in a blizzard, and snow up to my waist, darkness all about, and no sign of a town, except a few dim lights about a half a mile away.

PLOWED THROUGH SNOW

I plowed through the heavy snow carrying my traps high to keep them from dragging in the snow, going toward the lights, which later developed into a town.

It was then about 3 a.m. I could not find out where the car that contained my chauffer and my automobile had been sidetracked.

I went to the hotel and found a big, cold-looking building, windows boarded up.

"It's deserted," I thought; but pounded on the doors nevertheless.

Fortunately, it was not and I was permitted to go to sleep there.

The next morning, bright and early, I heard a great noise and dropped my razor and ran to the window. A giant Zepplin was coming overhead. On top of it were two platforms on which machine guns were mounted.

I pulled my movie outfit on to the little balcony and started filming. I just had taken a few feet, when soldiers burst in the door of the hotel, and placed me under arrest.

Here, however, they read my passes and released me with profuse apologies. But the Zeppelin had gone.

STARTED SOUTH

My chauffer—his name was Kloz, and so I had nicknamed him "Old Clothes"—and I started out south to the next town of Hohenstein. There was fighting directly east of us on a line that extended far down into East Prussia.

Hohenstein looked like a Kansas cyclone had struck it.

First the Russians had bombarded it in driving the Germans out, and then the Germans had bombarded it in chasing the Russians away.

The Russians had made their big drive of the war. They got to within a few hours of Berlin; think of it!

Then Hindenburg was sent over, and then Von Mackenson, the "clean-up" general of the Germans, whose craftiness had soon routed them.

I was filming in one of the little towns south of Hohenstein, when a bunch of Russian prisoners were marched over in front of my camera.

They were halted and a little Russian officer called the roll to see whether all his men were there.

They were tall Russians—Peter the Great's giant guard must have looked like these great, muscular men looked—and the officer was very tiny. As he snapped out the "itchskies" and "ovitches," I was seized with laughter.

NEW ARISTORACY

A German officer, seing me laugh, stepped over and said:

"Do you know who that little Russian Jew that you are now laughing at will be some day?"

I stopped, and said no.

"When the war's over, he will go to New York, and within a year he'll own a string of flats. He's just the kind that gets rich."

At Soldau we put up for the night. We did not always reach hotels. One night we had to sleep in the auto out on the open road. It was about 40 below and the drifts were so bad that even our auto wheels, wrapped as they were with ropes would not budge the machine.

The next day, German workmen clearing the way for the incessant transport trains of food and supplies, shoveled the snow out of our path, and we went forward.

We were only a few miles away from Tannenburg where the gruesome big battle of Messurian Lakes took place. Officers coming in told us about it.

A GRUESOME BATTLE

Von Hindenburg pretended his armies were evacuating Tannenburg. The Russians, swollen with victory, threw caution to the winds and followed the supposed retreating armies—into the marshes and death.

The Germans had built pseudo-roads over the marshes and quicksands, and had even strung electric lights along the roads. Then, they pretended to retreat over these roads, but instead went in another direction.

The front ranks of the Russians pushed on, and were swallowed up in the marshes. Their cries did not stop the rest of the army. Those thousand troops perished in the marshes.

I could well believe it.

Several German officers, who had heard the cries of the doomed Russians, went insane. One officer told me that everytime he closed his eyes he could see that hapless and duped army going into the road, elated with victory and then becoming abjectly horrified when they began to sink in the quicksands.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Our Lifelong Dream Come True

This is how we came to own our home

Five years ago we started to save a part of our income.
We began in 1915 to save:—
$2.00 a week which amounted in two years to..$ 217.24
Interest from 1917 to 1919..... 31.20
We increased it to:—
$4.00 a week which in two years amounted to.. 434.48
Interest from 1919 to 1920..... 20.80
Then we made it:—
$10.00 a week which amounted in one year to.. 532.75
Thus, making our total savings in five years..$1,236.47
Which Included
5% Interest

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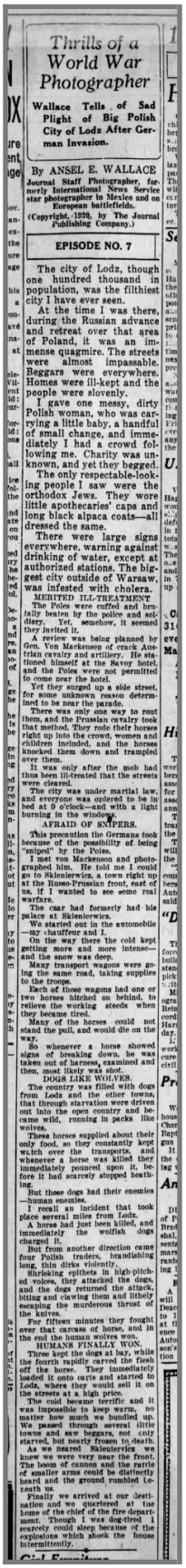

Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Tells of Sad Plight of Big Polish City of Lodz After German Invasion.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

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EPISODE NO. 7

The city of Lodz, though one hundred thousand in population, was the filthiest city I have ever seen.

At the time I was there, during the Russian advance and retreat over that area of Poland, it was an immense quagmire. The streets were almost impassable. Beggars were everywhere. Homes were ill-kept and the people were slovenly.

I gave one messy, dirty Polish woman, who was carrying a little baby, a handful of small change, and immediately I had a crowd following me. Charity was unknown, and yet they begged.

The only respectable-looking people I saw were the orthodox Jews. They wore little apothecaries' caps and long black alpaca coats—all dressed the same.

There were large signs everywhere, warning against drinking of water, except at authorized stations. The biggest city outside of Warsaw, was infested with cholera.

MERITED ILL-TREATMENT

The Poles were cuffed and brutally beaten by the police and soldiery. Yet, somehow, it seemed they invited it.

A review was being planned by Gen. Von Mackensen of crack Austrian cavalry and artillery. He stationed himself at the Savoy hotel, and the Poles were not permitted to come near the hotel.

Yet they surged up a side street, for some unknown reason determined to be near the parade.

There was only one way to rout them, and the Prussian cavalry took that method. They rode their horses right up into the crowd, women and children included, and the horses knocked them down and trampled over them.

It was only after the mob had thus been ill-treated that the streets were cleared.

The city was under martial law, and everyone was ordered to be in bed at 9 o'clock—and with a light burning in the window.

AFRAID OF SNIPERS.

This precaution the Germans took because of the possibility of being "sniped" by the Poles.

I met von Mackenson and photographed him. He told me I could go to Skiernierwice, a town right up at the Russo-Prussian front, east of us, if I wanted to see some real warfare.

The czar had formerly had his palace at Skiernierwice.

We started out in the automobile—my chauffeur and I.

On the way there the cold kept getting more and more intense—and the snow was deep.

Many transport wagons were going the same road, taking supplies to the troops.

Each of those wagons had one or two horses hitched on behind, to relieve the working steeds when they became tired.

Many of the horses could not stand the pull, and would die on the way.

So whenever a horse showed signs of breaking down, he was taken out of harness, examined and then, most likely was shot.

DOGS LIKE WOLVES.

The country was filled with dogs from Lodz and the other towns, that through starvation were driven out into the open country and became wild, running in packs like wolves.

These horses supplied about their only food, so they constantly kept watch over the transports, and whenever a horse was killed they immediately pounced upon it, before it had scarcely stopped breathing.

But these dogs had their enemies—human enemies.

I recall an incident that took place several miles from Lodz.

A horse had just been killed, and immediately the wolfish dogs charged it.

But from another direction came four Polish traders, brandishing long, thin dirks violently.

Shrieking epithets in high-pitched voices, they attacked the dogs, and the dogs returned the attack, biting and clawing them and lithely escaping the murderous thrust of the knives.

For fifteen minutes they fought over that carcass of horse, and in the end the human wolves won.

HUMANS FINALLY WON.

Three kept the dogs at bay, while the fourth rapidly carved the flesh off the horse. They immediately loaded it onto carts and started to Lodz, where they would sell it on the streets at a high price.

The cold became terrific and it was impossible to keep warm, no matter how much we bundled up. We passed through several little towns and saw beggars, not only starved, but nearly frozen to death.

As we neared Skiernierwice we knew we were very near the front. The boom of cannon and the rattle of smaller arms could be distinctly heard and the ground rumbled beneath us.

Finally we arrived at our destination and we quartered at the home of the chief of the fire department. Though I was dog-tired, I scarcely could sleep because of the explosions which shook the house intermittently.

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Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Just Misses Taking Airplane Ride Over City of Warsaw

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

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EPISODE 8.

My first day in the Polish frontier town of Skierniewicz I visited the czar's hunting palace, which had been taken over by German officers.

I walked about the Polish frontier town of Skierniewicz the day after my arrival, looking for pictures.

I noticed plows being driven around several homes —making three or four very deep furrows with a long, thin blade.

After making four furrows, these city plowmen would stop and go to another house.

I inquired.

"We are certain there are spies in the city," an officer told me. "The Russians are getting too good aim on our airplane hangers and railroad stations. Someone here is informing them, and therefore we are plowing about all houses to find traces of underground telephone wires."

SEARCH REWARDED.

Their search was finally rewarded. They found a Russian spy in one house, with a telephone buried in a dugout underneath the house.

I had one disappointment in Skierniewicz and missed some mighty good pictures.

I wanted to take an airplane ride over Warsaw, to the northeast, which was then occupied by the Russians, who were putting up a stalwart defensive against German bombardment.

Luckily I met a German aviator who before the war was in Mineola, L. I., where I had photographed him making flights. He immediately remembered me and offered to take me along.

Just as we were ready to start several Germans came along and fixed some large bombs, with little screws, propellor-like on their ends, in the bottom of the plane.

I jumped into some furs, for it was nearly 40 below zero, and just got into the machine when a German officer ran up and demanded to know the whys and wherefores.

"We are going to fly above Warsaw and take some pictures," the aviator told him.

"Nein," he said. "I have been told to let Mr. Wallace take any pictures he wishes, but not to let him be killed."

But the next day I was promised that I would be taken right out to the front where I could get some good "close-ups" of the fighting, which could be heard incessantly from Skierniewicz.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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The girl clings to his arm like it was the Rock of Ages.

Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Tells How Germans Had Artillery Decoy to Draw Attention of Russians in Wrong Direction.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

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EUISODE NO. 9

I was taken out to the front from Skierniewicz to photograph the German troops in action.

My first photograph was of an artillery stand, in a wood at the edge of a level clearing. Over a few hundred yards were the Russians.

Fighting had slackened and two big German guns I came upon were silent.

"Aren't you going to do any firing?" I asked.

They explained they were waiting for a German airplane to come and direct their shots.

After persuasion, they fired a couple of salvos. Then, at my request, they repeated it, while I filmed the guns in action.

As the Russians had not fired for some time, the Germans were careless, and had not tried to hide themselves.

SHELL COMES OVER

Suddenly they began to scamper to cover, and then even my unaccustomed ears detected a shell coming. I jumped to safety. It sounded like an Erie freight train coming up a grade.

Toward our left in a clearing there was a little house. Suddenly it looked like something had exploded inside. The roof went up into the air. I switched my camera and started filming the sight.

Then I found out that the little house had been filled with sleeping Germans.

Unwittingly I had drawn fire on them by asking the Germans to "pose" their guns for me.

The Germans were now thoroughly angry, and one of the officers intimated they were going to clean out the whole gang of Russians.

An officer lent me a pair of fine field glasses, and throug them I could see the Russians maneuvering in their trenches.

At one juncture, while I was photographing some of the officers in action at the edge of the thicket, I stepped out in the open to get a better angle on them.

As I did so a German officer grabbed me furiously by the arm and pulled me back. He was inarticulate with rage as he tore off a bright orange band on my sleeve that proclaimed my newspaper affiliation.

"They can see that orange band against that background for twenty miles," one of the officers told me.

Just then the scout airplane arrived and took their attention off me.

The airplane was not high and there were white downy puffs all about it. I could scarcely realize they were death-dealing shrapnel from the Russians. Their aim was pretty good, but not good enough.

AIRPLANE SIGNALS

The airplane circled out toward their lines, letting out smoke, which formed signals for communications with the observers I was stationed with.

One of the German officers threw himself, back down, on the ground, with the field glasses glued to his eyes and shouted the signals as he caught them.

There were two big guns on the Russian side that were intensely menacing the Germans. They were the objective.

Suddenly the observer blurted out an order and one of the big guns next to me belched deafeningly.

Everyone awaited the signals of the airplane with interest.

The airplane gave forth its colored smoke and the observer gave another order.

The gun was slightly moved, and it again spoke.

The airplane signaled again, and this time the German observer jumped to his feet in ecstacy. Then the guns fired heavily for several minutes; then, the military observer swung his arms above his head and shouted.

ENEMY ROUTED.

The big guns on the Russian side had been silenced, and the enemy was routed.

"Why don't they get you?" I asked one of the officers later. It seemed to me that the Germans were conspicuous.

"They can't find us—because we move every day."

He said that early every morning, the artillery was moved a great distance in the thicket. Then, at night, when they fired their charges, another squad of Germans, about a quarter of a mile away in another part of the woods, would touch off some flash powder, much the same as a photographer makes his flashlight, to take the attention of the Russians off the real artillery base.

This decoy had worked admirably for more than a week, and the Russians had not be able to find the artillery at all.

This decoy was touched off automatically by electricity at the same time the guns were fired.

CLEVER THIEVES GET $80 FROM PRINCETON MAN

Local Negroes Take Money From Gibson County Farm

Special to The Journal.

PRINCETON, Ind., July 10.—Two negroes, said to be from Evansville, robbed Louis Jones, colored, 56, Princeton farmer, of $80 Saturday night.

Jones came to Princeton Saturday night. His right arm was bandaged from a recent accident. While he was standing before the People's American Bank, another negro, whose right arm was bandaged, came to him. They became friendly.

Soon another negro drove up before the bank in an auto. He stopped his car to pick a purse from the street. He told Jones and the other negro that the purse contained a $100 bill. He offered to give them $25 each if they would tell no one of the find.

Jones, confused with big figures, gave the purse-finder $80 to facilitate the making of change. He was left to wait before the bank while the two strangers changed the $100 bill.

Jones waited for an hour and a half. Then he went to the police.

The two strange negroes were said to be bound for Evansville. They were seen in Princeton Saturday morning. The driver of the car claimed to be a minister.

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2 AMERICAN JEWS KILLED BY RUSSIANS

that a baby that is put to bed regularly at 6 p.m. each day will soon become accustomed to such habit

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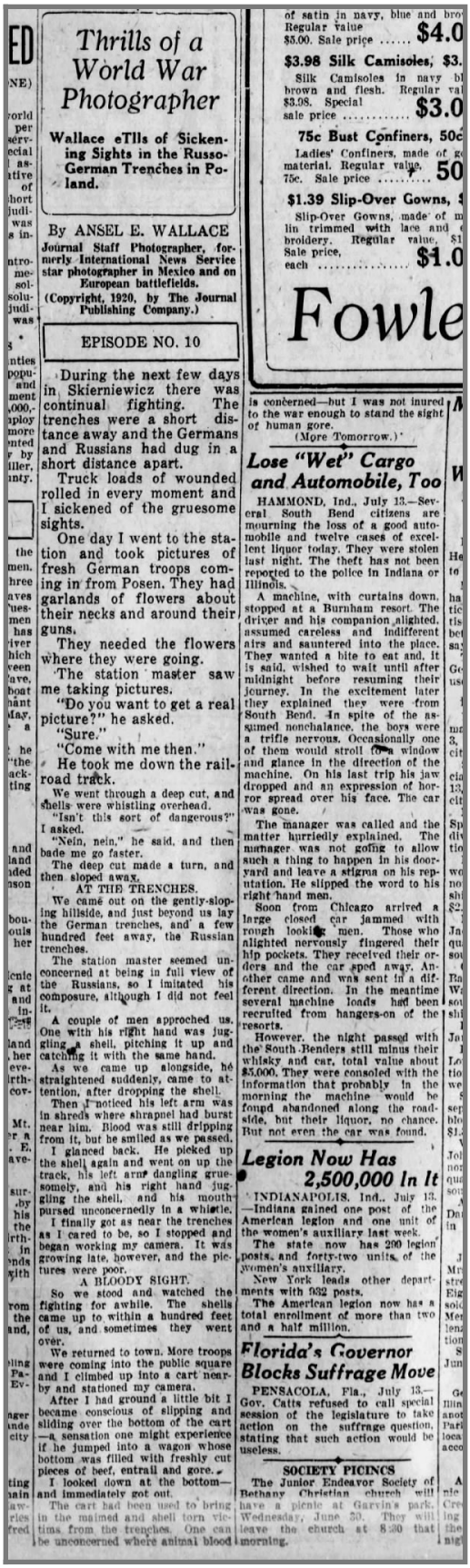

Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace eTlls of Sickening Sights in the Russo-German Trenches in Poland.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

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EPISODE NO. 10

During the next few days in Skierniewicz there was continual fighting. The trenches were a short distance away and the Germans and Russians had dug in a short distance apart.

Truck loads of wounded rolled in every moment and I sickened of the gruesome sights.

One day I went to the station and took pictures of fresh German troops coming in from Posen. They had garlands of flowers about their necks and around their guns.

They needed the flowers where they were going.

The station master saw me taking pictures.

"Do you want to get a real picture?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Come with me then."

He took me down the railroad track.

We went through a deep cut, and shells were whistling overhead.

"Isn't this sort of dangerous?" I asked.

"Nein, nein," he said, and then bade me go faster.

The deep cut made a turn, and then sloped away.

AT THE TRENCHES.

We came out on the gently-sloping hillside, and just beyond us lay the German trenches, and a few hundred feet away, the Russian trenches.

The station master seemed unconcerned at being in full view of the Russians, so I imitated his composure, although I did not feel it.

A couple of men approched us. One with his right hand was juggling a shell, pitching it up and catching it with the same hand.

As we came up alongside, he straightened suddenly, came to attention, after dropping the shell.

Then I noticed his left arm was in shreds where shrapnel had burst near him. Blood was still dripping from it, but he smiled as we passed.

I glanced back. He picked up the shell again and went on up the track, his left arm dangling gruesomely, and his right hand juggling the shell, and his mouth pursed unconcernedly in a whistle.

I finally got as near the trenches as I cared to be, so I stopped and began working my camera. It was growing late, however, and the pictures were poor.

A BLOODY SIGHT.

So we stood and watched the fighting for awhile. The shells came up to within a hundred feet of us, and sometimes they went over.

We returned to town. More troops were coming into the public square and I climbed up into a cart nearby and stationed my camera.

After I had ground a little bit I became conscious of slipping and sliding over the bottom of the cart —a sensation one might experience if he jumped into a wagon whose bottom was filled with freshly cut pieces of beef, entrail and gore.

I looked down at the bottom—and immediately got out.

The cart had been used to bring in the maimed and shell torn victims from the trenches. One can be unconcerned where animal blood is concerned—but I was not inured to the war enough to stand the sight of human gore.

(More Tomorrow.)

of satin in navy, blue and brown. Regular value $5.00. Sale price $4.0

$3.98 Silk Camisoles, $3.

Silk Camisoles in navy, brown and flesh. Regular value $3.98. Special sale price $3.0

75c Bust Confiners, 50c

Ladies' Confiners, made of good material. Regular value 75c. Sale price 50

$1.39 Slip-Over Gowns, $

Slip-Over Gowns, made of muslin trimmed with lace and embroidery. Regular value $1. Sale price, each $1.0

Fowle

Lose "Wet" Cargo and Automobile, Too

HAMMOND, Ind., July 13.—Several South Bend citizens are mourning the loss of a good automobile and twelve cases of excellent liquor today. They were stolen last night. The theft has not been reported to the police in Indiana or Illinois.

A machine, with curtains down, stopped at a Burnham resort. The driver and his companion alighted, assumed careless and indifferent airs and sauntered into the place. They wanted a bite to eat and, it is said, wished to wait until after midnight before resuming their journey. In the excitement later they explained they were from South Bend. In spite of the assumed nonchalance, the boys were a trifle nervous. Occasionally one of them would stroll to a window and glance in the direction of the machine. On his last trip his jaw dropped and an expression of horror spread over his face. The car was gone.

The manager was called and the matter hurriedly explained. The manager was not going to allow such a thing to happen in his dooryard and leave a stigma on his reputation. He slipped the word to his right hand men.

Soon from Chicago arrived a large closed car jammed with rough looking men. Those who alighted nervously fingered their hip pockets. They received their orders and the car sped away. Another came and was sent in a different direction. In the meantime several machine loads had been recruited from hangers-on of the resorts.

However, the night passed with the South Benders still minus their whisky and car, total value about $5,000. They were consoled with the information that probably in the morning the machine would be found abandoned along the roadside, but their liquor, no chance. But not even the car was found.

Legion Now Has 2,500,000 In It

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 13. —Indiana gained one post of the American legion and one unit of the women's auxiliary last week.

The state now has 290 legion posts, and forty-two units of the women's auxiliary.

New York leads other departments with 932 posts.

The American legion now has a total enrollment of more than two and a half million.

Florida's Governor Blocks Suffrage Move

PENSACOLA, Fla., July 13.—Gov. Catts refused to call special session of the legislature to take action on the suffrage question, stating that such action would be useless.

SOCIETY PICINCS

The Junior Endeavor Society of Bethany Christian church will have a picnic at Garvin's park, Wednesday, June 30. They will leave the church at 8:30 that morning.

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Thrills of a World War Photographer

Showing That Even Big Generals Are Not Immune To "Frame-Ups"

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

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EPISODE NO. 11.

Sometimes even the big military men can be duped. For instance:

One day in Skierniewicz an orderly came for me from the palace, where the German generals and staff were housed.

I took my camera and went there. I was introduced to Major Langhorne, military aide to Ambassador Gerard, and a number of other military attaches from neutral countries.

They were there for the purpose of seeing with their own eyes Germany's method of warfare and the treatment of prisoners and the like.

The party went out toward the front.

There where many Russian prisoners had been working on the roads a few days before, was no one.

I wondered, but did not say anything.

I soon found out the whys and wherefores.

Suddenly there was a great commotion from the road which led into the forest, and there burst out a large group of Russians, running for dear life. There must have been twelve hundred Russians.

Back of them came a small group of Uhlans, the fiercest of the German warriors, on horse back, with drawn spears, hearding the Russians like cattle.

A "FRAME-UP"

I looked closely and recognized the same Russian prisoners that a few days before were working on the roads.

I looked at the military committee. They were greatly pleased and nodded to each other, in complimenting the prowess of the crack German cavalry.

Then we were taken out to an artillery stand, which I later learned was in a remote spot from the front—anyway a mile or more from the fighting. Yet the artillerymen were working full blast, sweating and moving like machines.

The military committee did not go close, and appeared to be satisfied they were seeing actual warfare.

They did not learn of the "frame-up" until several months later when, in Berlin, I took General Langhorne aside, and told him how the capture had been "framed."

He wouldn't believe it at first. Then he laughed long and heartily at the way he and his comrades had been taken in.

Rescuer Overcome

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Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Tells of Hunger and Cold on Trip to Lowicz.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 11.

One morning my chauffeur and I started north from Skierniewicz toward Lowicz, which was on the way to Warsaw, then being sieged by Germans.

It was frightfully cold. A wind was coming down across Siberia and it had driven the mercury down to forty below zero. There was snow over the roads and the surrounding country. But, thanks to ropes about the tires, and a non-freezing mixture in the radiator of our motor, we went along speedily.

One of the unusual sights was the graveyard of German soldiers which extended most of the way up to Lowicz. The casualties had been dreadful. As far as one could see, there were little crosses, to which snow and ice clung, each topped with a German helmet.

HUNGER.

We were hungry—as we had had always been since coming into Poland. When we did get anything to eat we talked about it for days afterwards: it was so unusual.

It happened we were on the czar's hunting preserves, and there were hundreds of pheasants in the road. In peace times these fowl had been well taken care of, but since the war and the occupation of the czar's palace at Skierniewicz by the Germans, they had trouble getting food and they had come to the road.

So great was their hunger that they no longer flew when man approached, and the chauffeur got out of the machine with a club and brought back five pheasants.

When we got into Lowicz that night it was getting colder. We looked up the German commandant and asked him for quarters.

He informed us we were out of luck; the place was overcrowded.

A young officer, however, said he knew of a house that had been shelled but one room in it was still intact.

We took the fowls to the officers' cooks and gave them instructions to cook us two, give one to the commandant, and keep the remainder themselves. So we obtained at least one good meal, and then repaired to our lodging.

AMERICAN "STOVE."

It was a barren room, with a brick furnace in one corner, which, curiously, was called an "American stove." I told the Germans I had never seen a "stove" like it in America.

There was scarcely any heat radiating from it, although the fire in this brick chimney was roaring. The heat went out of the top.

We tried to sleep—keeping on all our clothes, even our caps. But we failed; it was too cold. We got up, made some beef tea and then tried sleeping again.

Finally, in disgust, we got up and walked about in the snow until daylight, and then went over to the commandant's where there was a stove and waited for the general.

Drys Believe That

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increased trade enabled him soon afterward to add two more boats to his fleet.

Thrills of a World War Photographer

Wallace Visits Fine Old Castle in Poland and Finds Its Treasures Unmolested.

By ANSEL E. WALLACE

Journal Staff Photographer, formerly International News Service star photographer in Mexico and on European battlefields.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Journal Publishing Company.)

EPISODE NO. 13

The commandant at Lowicz told me that if I wanted some good pictures I should go up to Bolonie, where, he said, there was a wonderful general who would be glad to arrange things for me.

With fear and trembling we went to the auto. But, happily, the mixture placed in the radiator, had kept it from freezing.

So we started to Bolonie.

When nearly there, we saw a calvacade coming down the road, with the general in the lead. Lances gleamed brightly. They were the German crack cavalry.

The general drew his horse up alongside the auto.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he asked, in perfect English.

I told him who we were and that we had come to get some good pictures. He was vastly pleased.

WONDERFUL CASTLE

"My name is General von Morgan," he said, and immediately invited us up to his castle, an old place that must have been a wonderful place in peace times; it was yet, in fact.

We sat down to breakfast in a room that was big enough to seat five hundred people comfortably. All about the great, ancient stone walls of the room, were great figures in armor, and there were costly old paintings and pieces of antique, just like we read about in story books.

We had a wonderful breakfast—coffee, rolls, jam and beef.

After we were through, Von Morgan said that if I came to see some part of the year no longer exists, according to Jacob Aleon, president of the Farmers' Federation. "There is a surplus rather than a scarcity," he said.

real fighting I would be satisfied.

We repaired to different parts of the castle, to look over the vast collection of things that would have surprised even a connoisseur. There were thousands of volumes there, some of priceless editions, and there were etchings that would brought sums in four and five figures, perhaps, in art centers.

UNMOLESTED

"Aren't you going to take these away with you?" I asked Von Morgan.

"No," he said, gravely. "We are not at war with Poland. We will leave this old place exactly as we found it, and we shall take care that it not be disturbed."

"If anything," he added, "it will be a little cleaner than it was when we found it."

While in the gallery, we heard a racket.

"It's a plane," Von Morgan said, and we went out in the grounds to see it.

It was a big Russian plane and it swooped down over our heads. Some of the officers moved away. Von Morgan stood still, and I admired him for his fortitude. I expected a bomb to drop any moment.

"Why don't your planes chase it?" I asked.

"Oh, it is nothing," Von Morgan said. "Besides, the boys are too cold."

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